ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—PART IV.

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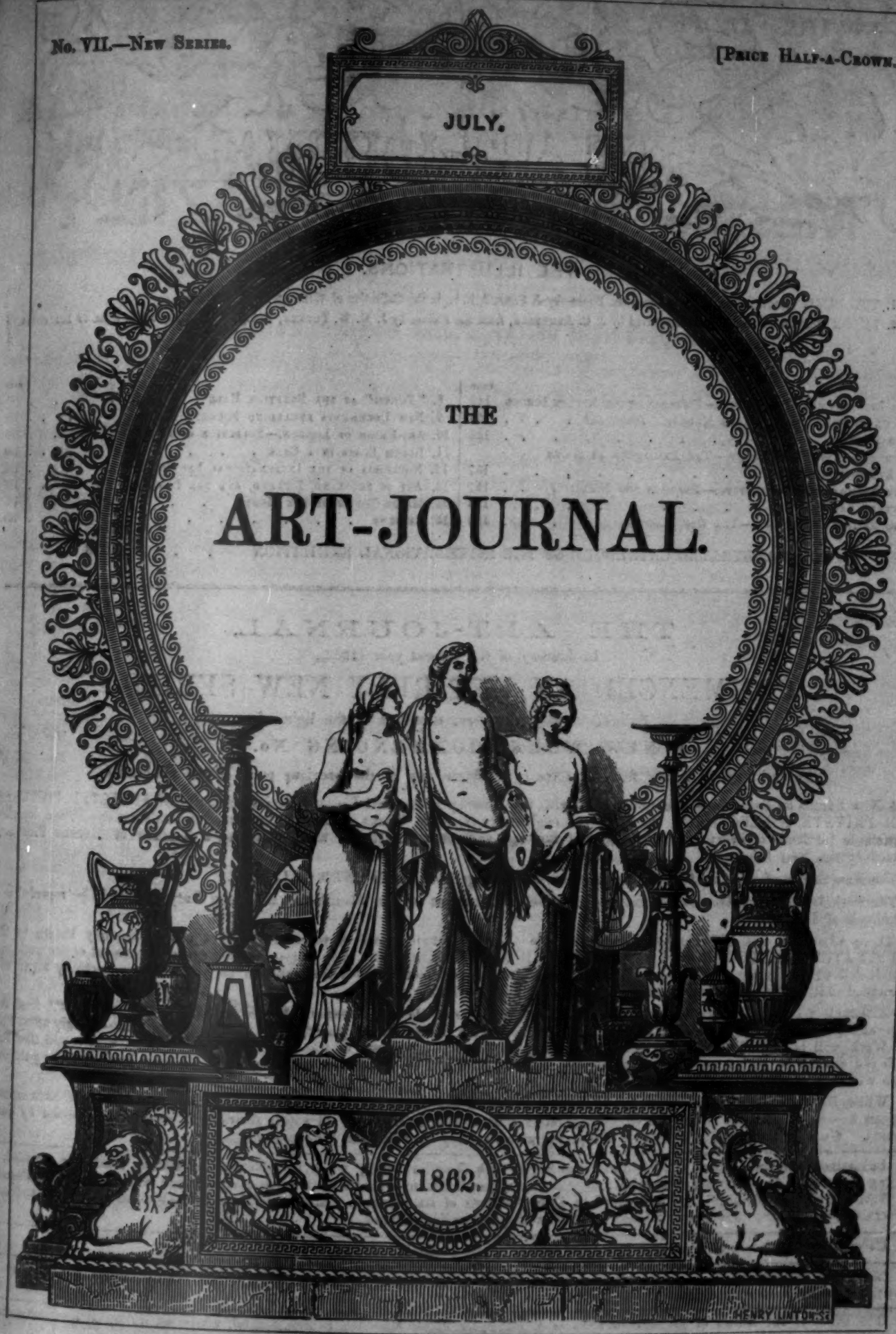
THE ART-JOURNAL.



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THE ART-JOURNAL.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. THE DUET. Engraved by F. Holl, from the Picture by J. Sant, A.R.A., in the Collection of William Renshaw, Esq.
2. DUTCH BOATS IN A GALE. Engraved by J. C. Armytage, from the Picture by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., in the Gallery of the Earl of Ellesmere.

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THE ART-JOURNAL,

In January of the present year (1862),

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Although we by no means lay too much stress on the interest the Art-Journal will receive, during the year 1862, from the Illustrated Catalogue of the International Exhibition, we are justified in calculating upon thus rendering it exceedingly attractive: that Work will be, in all respects, a valuable auxiliary to the Art-movement of the age: it is scarcely necessary to add that this Catalogue cannot be remunerative; but it may be, and we think will be, a means of recompensing our labours by the greater publicity which will thus be given to our Work.

While, therefore, we shall do our utmost in every way to earn and obtain public support, we claim the aid of those who have so long been our friends, to assist the circulation of the Art-Journal by making it known to all within their reach, who may be guided by their opinions. We refer them to a more detailed Prospectus which accompanied the Part for January.

Subscribers are aware that a *New Series* was begun with the year 1855; when we obtained the honour, graciously accorded, of issuing Engravings from the Royal Pictures; of that new series, therefore, *seven* volumes are now completed: while the series containing the Vernon Gallery—begun in 1849 and ended in 1854—consists of six volumes. Either series may be obtained separately, and may be considered complete, there being no necessity for obtaining the earlier volumes.

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We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address; but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.

LONDON, JULY 1, 1862.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.

PICTURES OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL.

THIS truly magnificent gallery, comprising eight hundred representative pictures, by two hundred and fifty leading artists, living and deceased, invites to a critical and historic survey of the British school. The collection is made to embrace a period of one hundred years, in order that we may determine the progress made by English Art; it is placed in immediate juxtaposition with foreign schools, for the purpose of testing the comparative position of our native artists, of proving their strength, or showing their deficiencies, and thus, with the end of conducing, through self-examination and a more extended knowledge, to the further progress and development of our English school. In the true spirit of the International Exhibition, then, we now write.

The series fitly commences with Hogarth, a painter essentially English both by the character of his subjects and in the singular independence of his genius. Hogarth, be it his boast, was all-sufficient for himself; he owed nothing to the classic—he seems to have taken little from Italy; but like an honest, homely Englishman, with shrewd eye, a firm and ready hand, guided by good common sense, he threw himself into the every day life of the country and the town; he went to the election; he sat in the tavern; and then, as a faithful chronicler of what he had seen, and heard, and done, he took to his studio and painted pictures of English life and manners. Hogarth is the Steele, the Addison, and the Swift of his graphic Art; he shoots folly as it flies; he enjoys a laugh, points a moral. For the wicked he paints a tempting picture, and for the wise a homily. He might, we think, with advantage have been more refined; his execution would have been better had it been less slovenly; his compositions more artistic could they have been thrown into less disorder. But vice veiled was not his line. Balanced composition, as found in Ostade; sharp, precise execution, the manner of Teniers, were not his method. He loved the revel of 'The March to Finchley,' the riot of 'The Contested Election;' yet in 'The Marriage à la Mode,' and especially in 'The Visit to the Quack Doctor,' and 'The Countess's Dressing-room,' he attains to the finish, the colour, and the skilled composition of the best Dutch works. His unrivalled power, however, lies in the point of his incident, and in the progress of his story: never did the current of pictorial narrative run more transparently; never were the scenes of a drama so dexterously composed for the final catastrophe. Thus it cannot be doubted that, taken for all in all, Hogarth is found worthy, in an International Exhibition, of the high position which his own countrymen have so long given him. On the continent of Europe, in his peculiar line, we scarcely know his parallel. In the land of his birth he is the ancestor of the emphatically English school of Wilkie, Bird, Webster, Cruikshank, and others.

With the leading names of Reynolds and Gainsborough we will now approach the portraiture of last century. Reynolds and Gainsborough were rivals during life, and they still after death contend for supremacy on the walls of exhibitions. At Manchester a close conflict was maintained between these two great masters, placed side by side, and the competition is here continued at South Kensington, still with doubtful issue. It will be found, however, that each painter possesses sufficient merits at once to stand apart, and yet to take the highest companionship. The two rivals, indeed, when life's fitful fever was drawing to a close, themselves felt persuaded that in the noble pursuit of the same art there must subsist but a common fellowship. Thus Gainsborough, on his death-bed, sending for Reynolds, exclaimed, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company:" he then expired. And Vandyke truly was of their company even upon earth, as Gainsborough's Mrs. Elliot, and several portraits by Reynolds in the Exhibition, alike testify. Yet of the two painters we incline to think Gainsborough the more simple, more the child of nature,—as seen indeed in his love of landscape,—less indoctrinated with the learning of the schools, and so far less conventional. The story of 'The Blue Boy,' painted to disprove an axiom by Reynolds, that blue is unsuited to a principal figure in a picture, shows that Gainsborough had boldness to defy artificial laws, and, at the same time, knowledge to adapt his practice to untried conditions. 'The Blue Boy,' indeed, may be received as the key-note to the habitual colour of Gainsborough; on the other hand, a masterpiece by Titian would stand for the practice of Reynolds. Hence the difference between these two masters. Gainsborough is cool in his high lights; Reynolds warm. Gainsborough is highly finished and his flesh somewhat waxy; Reynolds is sketchy, and his execution liquid and transparent. In treatment of drapery, too, there is scarcely less contrast. Gainsborough has more of accident, Reynolds more of the cast of the Academy; yet, as we have said, the two are rightly equal in the world of fame, as testified by companion portraits of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. The genius of each of these great painters found an outgoing in a sphere beyond the narrow confines of the portrait Art; Gainsborough in his 'Cottage Door,' Reynolds in 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse,' 'The Infant Samuel,' 'The Age of Innocence,' 'Heads of Angels,' and 'Cymon and Iphigenia.' Among the portrait painters of last century represented in the International Gallery we must mention Wright, of Derby, somewhat common and coarse; Opie, the Cornish boy, plain, simple, and honest; Jackson, in his heads of Northcote and Flaxman, quiet and thoughtful; together with Hoppner, Romney, and Raeburn. Out of the general throng, however, must be brought into prominence the works of Lawrence. Posterity scarcely ratifies the verdict of contemporaries in favour of this popular face painter. His head of Lord Eldon is, however, unusually unpretending; and the well-known seated portrait of Pius VII. compares, for graphic and individual character, not altogether unfavourably with illustrious pictures of cardinals and popes painted by Raphael and Titian. The school of Reynolds and Gainsborough finds no unworthy representatives in Gordon, Grant, Pickersgill, Knight, and Boxall, of present times. Chalk-and-water styles of portraiture have still more recently been transmuted into the glowing gold of Venice under Watts and Wells, by whom are painted some noble heads. We conclude with the opinion that our English portraiture is at least equal to the contemporary schools found in continental Europe.

When the Royal Academy was established in 1769, under the immediate patronage of the king, our English painters became at once seized with vaulting ambition. Reynolds delivered his famous discourses in praise of high Art and Michael Angelo; Fuseli, Barry, and even Opie, followed in the same lofty flight. The result of these teachings, the final issue of the grand style, finds melancholy witness upon the walls of the International Exhibition. Raphael in-indeed was heaven-born; Michael Angelo took descent from heroes and demi-gods; Correggio and others were playmates with Cupid and Psyche. But their followers in the English school had evidently a different descent. Our English aspirants avowedly fed inspiration, not with nectar, but with raw pork and porter; and the characters they introduced upon canvas were accordingly "born in a garret, and in a kitchen bred." The moderation and good taste of Reynolds, however, never permitted that he should mistake extravagance for genius, or coarseness for power. The utmost that can be said against him is, that while his lips were ever talking of Michael Angelo, his works told only of his own gentle, simple self. No touch of pseudo high Art ever taints the innocence of his canvas. With Barry, Fuseli, and Northcote, however, it was otherwise. The scale upon which Barry wrought may be seen in the 'Adam and Eve,' tainted, as are his works in the Adelphi, with common types. Fuseli complained that nature put him out, a saying which receives sufficient elucidation in his grand composition, 'The Expulsion of Satan from Paradise,' a mad spasm, the loudest rant of the lowest drama, and, after all, with little of the genius which was supposed to come as an equivalent for absent truth. Northcote's 'Last Sleep of Argyll' contrasts unfavourably with Mr. E. M. Ward's picture of the same subject, serving to show that at least in some directions the English school has, beyond doubt, secured progression. Northcote's more important work, 'The Death of Wat Tyler,' is black in colour, slovenly in execution, and attains to that worst of all compounds, weakness with violence. We incline to think that Opie's 'David Rizzio' is the best of this set. Among the overrated artists of the past century we ought to place Benjamin West in the front rank; he was, however, the least bad of a bad time. When we consider the renown he enjoyed during life, we are amazed that his works should now look so ill; yet when we remember the antecedents of the man, his Quaker birth in the infant and rude colony of America, together with his want of early training, we feel persuaded that genius must have been his heritage to have held up against such disadvantages. In the present Exhibition West is represented by two works, the one, 'The Departure of Regulus,' classic in treatment, a contrast to the second, 'The Death of General Wolfe,' true to the costume and circumstances of the time. This

last composition is a turning point in the history of British Art. West here defied the prejudice long pledged to Greek and Roman costume; he discarded the shields, bucklers, and battering-rams of classic warfare, and boldly adopted, without apology or compromise, the boots and the buttons, the laced coats and cocked hats, of modern days. Reynolds, who had condemned the experiment, at last said, "West has conquered; he has treated his subject as it ought to be treated. I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in Art." The revolution we now find in our day complete. The reaction, indeed, has been pushed even to excess, and thus, as the more recent pictures in the "British division" will testify, the divine faculty of imagination is exorcised by the supreme power of literal truth, till a historic composition becomes little more than well painted stage properties and costumes.

With the achievement of West must be ranked a *chef-d'œuvre* by Copley, his illustrious fellow-countryman, the father of Lord Lyndhurst. Copley and West, each unknown to the other, were in the wilds and villages of America, schooling themselves to high Art, studying naked Apollos of the prairie, and native warriors and nascent patriots, till at length each won for himself world-wide renown, executing works which the present Exhibition proves posterity will not willingly let die. Copley's 'Death of Major Pierson,' the gallant defender of Jersey against the French, vigorous in execution, manly and naturalistic in treatment, belongs, as we have said, to the category of West's 'Death of Wolfe,' history taken as an actual, literal fact, not idealised into romance; costume accepted just as it is, and with its disagreeables of colour, and distortions of form, fearlessly thrust upon canvas, the claims of "high Art" notwithstanding. Painters, however, such as our own Hilton, have, we think, rightly felt that subjects reaching beyond the field of our daily life, stretching, it may be, into regions of a past darkly veiled, or of a future dimly seen, can be most aptly rendered by a pictorial and poetic diction, raised in dignity, purity, and ideal beauty above the common uses of humanity. Hilton, indeed, formed his style expressly upon the manner of the great Italian masters, and though the usual penalties inflicted upon imitators fell upon him also, yet among modern revivals his works hold honourable position. But his grand picture, 'The Crucifixion,' it must be admitted, wants vigour, and is deficient in the marked, individual character attained by naturalistic schools; on the other hand, we find figures in his other great work, 'The Angel delivering St. Peter,' boldly rendered, the difficulties of the composition having probably been overcome by aid of Raphael. With Haydon let us conclude our summary of the grand historic. Haydon, in his life, presented the startling anomaly of religion intermingled with blasphemy, and in his pictures the equally strange compound of grandeur, grotesqueness, and grovelling. His 'Mock Election' is common and coarse. 'The Judgment of Solomon,' by general consent his greatest work, is not without the power which inheres to genius, but the figures are still plebeian, wanting in the dignity and the bearing essential to the grand style. This work, however, on many grounds demands a position in the National Gallery. With Haydon, it may be said, expired in torturing struggles that grand historic style which has proved so fatal to its aspirants. The stage was darkened ere the curtain fell on the final tragedy.

We forsake these sublime heights, around which the eagles soar, and the clouds cluster; we escape the unfathomable abyss into which genius has too often plunged headlong; and now, taking to the level and unambitious pathway of life, we greet the peasant smiling at the cottage door, we walk the humble streets of the rural village, enter the parson's parish school, or the labourer's dwelling, talk to the children and the mother neatly clad for church on Sunday morn, or join the circle of the cottar's Saturday night round the brightly-burning fire. Such has been the daily walk of many of our English artists, intent upon finding the poetry which lurks in our common humanity, ready to lend a heart to the joys and the sorrows of the sons of honest toil, willing to paint the simple annals of the poor, children of nature, dwellers among the hills, sojourners along the unbeaten solitary paths, around whose life the unsophisticated landscape of rural England prettily groups as a background. 'The Village Festival,' by Wilkie, 'The School-boy,' and 'The Age of Innocence,' by Reynolds, 'Saturday Night,' by Bird, 'A Boy and Kitten,' by Owen, 'The Cottage-Door,' by Gainsborough, 'Gipsies,' by Morland, 'Children Playing at Ball,' and 'The Forge,' by Wright, 'Dancing Children,' by Smirke, 'Rustic Civility,' 'The Shrimpers,' and 'Happy as a King,' by Collins, constitute that truly English school of home sympathies and rustic simplicity, to which the foreign galleries of the International Exhibition afford little or no parallel. It must be admitted that our English artists, partly through the culpable indifference and neglect of our Government, have never received that severe academic training which is essential to success in the highest and most arduous walks of sacred and historic themes. But within the more humble sphere thus chosen by their facile and felicitous pencils, our painters, as we have said, are almost without rivals. The French paint *genre* with more point and play of intellect, the English with greater breadth of sympathy; the French with more vivacity and cleverness, the English with more sobriety and decorum; the French are masters of situation, their pictures are plots, and their canvas is but a contracted stage, whereon the figures act a part; the English take life as they find it, and their characters are guileless of trick or ulterior intent. Gainsborough's 'Feeding Pigs,' and Collins's 'Minnow Catchers,' and the like, might, indeed, be bits cut out from nature herself, and put into frame. Wilkie, however, in 'Blindman's Buff,' 'The Penny Wedding,' and other works, shows himself the consummate master of skilled composition. In such subjects he stands unrivalled: the incident is as pointed as in Hogarth; the execution much more sharp and clear. It is, however, generally admitted, that in attempting to pass beyond this smaller sphere, he mistook his vocation, as in 'The Confessional' and 'Guerilla Council of War,' the fallacious results of foreign travel. Bird, a kindred spirit to Wilkie, furnished, in the closing years of his life, still more melancholy proof that English artists, born to humble sphere, wreck well-won reputation by inordinate craving after the grand style.

This same humble and honourable class, made sacred in the sphere of poetry by the writings of Crabbe and Wordsworth, finds many followers in the ranks of living artists:—Webster, Faed, Hemsley, Smith, Clark, Gale, Lawless, and others, are habituated, for the most part, to small canvases, seek high finish, select pointed character, and simple incidents taken from every-day life. In marking the progress, or otherwise, of our English school, one change in the lapse of a century strikes us for the better. We have now seldom to complain of intentional coarseness: the open effrontery, indeed, of some of Hogarth's works would, in this day, be intolerable. We are, in like manner, preserved from the *double entendre* in which the French rejoice. Virtue is respected; vice, as in Mr. Egg's triptych, has a moral tagged on to it, and, generally, in short, is found "the awakened conscience" somewhere, which, in the end, sufficiently well reconciles æsthetic effects to ethical laws. Between the leading European schools, the distinction in these and other points comes out in contrast. The French seek a dilemma, a surprise; the Germans glory in an impenetrable mystery; but the English love a sentiment which may be made sympathetic, sometimes even forced to the sensational, as in Mr. Solomon's 'Drowned' of a past season. Nothing, however, can be more healthful, honest, and heartfelt, than many of our English pictures, as executed by Mr. Webster, Mr. J. Faed, and others.

In works of genius, ofttimes thin are the partitions which do their bounds divide. Thus, between the pictures just described, humble in incident, and the class of paintings upon which we are about to enter, somewhat indefined is the line of demarcation. The pictures of which we have been speaking have more of the roughness of nature; those of which we now treat, more of the polish of society. Wilkie, and Teniers, and Ostade, stand the representatives of the one, Leslie, Terburg, Metzu, and Mieris the types of the other. Imagine a man, quiet in his life, refined in his pursuits, given to literary society, loving and reading, again and again, certain favourite authors—Cervantes, Molière, and Shakspere, Sterne, Fielding, Smollett, and Addison. Imagine such a painter, fond of his garden, plucking a honeysuckle or a rose for his painting-room, addicted to friendly social chat, talking, book in hand, of "Sir Roger de Coverley," "Queen Katherine," "Sancho Panza," "The Merry Wives," "Perdita," or the like. Imagine such an artist, never in Italy, caring little for the "grand style," content to dwell within the bosom of his family, and in the society of his friends and his books, and you will picture to yourself not merely an individual, but a class, not only a painter, but a school, and that class and that school eminently English in subject and in treatment; a school homebred, appealing to the educated taste of our people, calling into life characters long pictured by the fancy, and loved in the affections; a school, moreover, not only within the range of our sympathies, but within the reach of our pockets, cabinet in size, and not too costly in price, and thus, in all points, suited to warm our hearts, and adorn our English homes. Some of the well-known pictures of Leslie we have, in this description, already indicated. 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Scene from the Beggar's Opera,' and 'Yorick and the Grisette,' by his friend Newton, fall into the same category. 'The Madrigal,' by Mr. Horsley, one of his best works (seen at Manchester), the hands delicately formed, and sensitive to the music, the heads and the entire figures expressive in character, and refined in bearing, is a good example of the quiet poetry which often permeates these unpretending works. The pictures of Mr. Mulready also may, under this section, obtain the praise due to highest excellence. 'Burchell and Sophia in the Hay-field,' precise in drawing, subtle in modulated colour, seems to add grace even to the exquisite refinement of Goldsmith's masterpiece, a work long the text-book of our English artists. 'The Bathers,' also by Mr. Mulready, delicate in the undulation of line and form, sensitive to the nicest modu-

lation of light, shade, and colour, refined in the elevation of the individual model, will prove to foreign critics the questioned power of English artists to draw the nude.

Among illustrators of our British classics, Stothard demands foremost mention. 'The Canterbury Pilgrimage,' as a painting, has won a fame scarcely second to Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" as a poem. True to the text, accurate as the translation of one Art into a sister language, it is equally true to the laws of pictorial composition. A comparison, indicative of the distinctive genius of each artist, may be instituted between the 'Pilgrimage,' as conceived by Blake and that executed by Stothard. Neither artist took firm hold on the actual, yet, of the two, Blake shows himself the more shadowy and visionary. The painter, indeed, who maintained spiritual converse with the Virgin Mary, was scarcely likely to do justice to the "Wife of Bath." Among other pictures which derive inspiration from accredited authors, among other artists who set themselves to embody in pictorial guise the literary characters, and to put upon canvas the dramatic situations which have already obtained position on the stage, or claimed a dwelling in the memory of the people, we may enumerate, 'Lucy Ashton,' by Liverseege; 'The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania,' by Mr. Noel Paton; 'Mort d'Arthur,' by Mr. Archer; 'Chastity,' from Milton, and 'Una,' from Spencer, by Mr. Frost; 'King Lear,' by Mr. Madox Brown; 'Dinah's Prayer,' by Mr. Bostock; 'Lear and Cordelia,' by Mr. Cope; 'The Song of Philomena on the Shore of the Beautiful Lake,' Boccaccio's Decameron, by Mr. Poole; 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' 'Scene from "Kenilworth,"' 'Sir Roger de Coverley and the Spectator,' by Mr. Frith; 'Griselda,' and 'Young Lady Bountiful,' by Mr. Redgrave; 'Burning of the Books—"Don Quixote,"' by Mr. Horsley; 'Valentine rescuing Silvia—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,' by Mr. Holman Hunt; 'Olivia and Sophia,' by Mr. Baxter; 'Dogberry's Charge to the Watch,' by Mr. Marks; 'Othello and Iago,' by Mr. Hart; 'Don John deceiving Claudio,' by Mr. M. Stone; 'The Banquet Scene—*Macbeth*,' and the 'Disenchantment of Bottom,' by Mr. Maclise.

It were interesting and instructive, did space permit, to discuss the success or the shortcoming of this varied and widely popular class of pictorial illustration, of which we have here adduced some of the more illustrious examples. Objection has been urged against all such works, because it is said they mar the mental picture already fashioned by the spectator. But the practice of our English artists is sufficiently justified by the intrinsic merit and the essential beauty of these illustrations, which at once adopt the good, and create the new. Painters cultivating this special Art have to put themselves in the attitude both of historian and of poet; they have to throw themselves into popular emotions, and at the same time to enhance and to elevate the themes upon which the people have doated. They have to interpret an author with the accurate scrutiny of a critic, and yet in the glow of a poet's eye, the warmth of a poet's heart, to inflame the imagination of beholders into renewed rapture and delight. As long, then, as our English classics live, we desire that painter-illustrators shall echo the thoughts which, thus oft and again repeated by sister Arts within our homes, grow dear as household words.

Opposed to these bookish pictures is the naturalistic school, in which the subjects are taken direct from nature. Mr. O'Neil's 'Eastward Ho!' in the International Exhibition, and Mr. Faed's 'From Dawn to Sunset,' in the Academy last year, are perfect examples of the class. A picture taken from even the successful novel of the season must tax a past sensation, possibly somewhat worn out; but a painting fresh from life in its agony or outburst, giving voice, it may be, to some national tragedy still seething in the memory, appeals to the universal heart of the people, and arouses emotions of our common humanity. Works forced up to this pitch of intensity are necessarily exceptional; yet Mr. Solomon's 'Waiting for the Verdict,' and 'Not Guilty,' striking a chord of pity touched by compassion, prove how great is the power which a painter can wield when he thrusts home to a breaking heart. Mr. Martineau's picture, 'The Last Days in the Old Home,' capitally painted, is somewhat frittered away by trivial detail; Mr. Millais' 'Vale of Rest' strikes with the force of unmitigated intensity; Miss Osborne's 'Nameless and Friendless,' Mr. Noel Paton's 'Home—the Return from the Crimea,' Mr. Barwell's 'Return of the Missing Crew,' Mr. Phillips' 'Prison Window,' and 'Contrabandista;' Mr. Goodall's 'First-Born,' Mr. E. Hughes's 'Timely Help,' Mr. Ansdell's 'Lost Shepherd,' Mr. Maddox Brown's 'Last of England,' and Mr. Harvey's 'Children blowing Bubbles in a Graveyard,' all merit more than passing encomiums, did space permit. A comparison of the galleries, British and Foreign, will convince the reader that this school of pictorial Art is emphatically English. It lies alike within the power of our painters and the experience of our people. And it is English, moreover, because we in England are daily making to ourselves a contemporary history, because the free life of our fellow-countrymen is ever bursting into the picturesque and the passionate; because, unlike the nations enjoying long-established stagnation, Britain is a land of action and of progress, trade, commerce, growing wealth, steadfast yet ever changeful liberty; a land and a people, therefore, wherein a contemporary Art may grow and live, because in this actual present hour we act heroically, suffer manfully, and do those deeds which, in pictures and by poems, deserve to be recorded.

This school necessarily tends towards naturalism, a direction in which some of our English artists, especially the so-called Pre-Raffaelites, have of late years laboured steadfastly. We must, in passing, glance at the movement. Roman togas had manifestly grown unsuited to modern times; the classic style, borrowed second hand, had become lifeless; from a merely conventional beauty the last gush of soul had long ebbed, and so at length reaction set in, and revolution, destructive and defiant, attempted to sweep down the laws and the established customs of three centuries. It must not be disguised that in the early days, at least, of this outbreak, childish follies were perpetrated, of which even the well-weeded galleries of the present Exhibition are not wholly rid. We shall pass over in silence these individual errors in judgment and outrages upon accepted good taste, and frankly admit that the Pre-Raffaelite movement has not been without benefit, and may yet work for itself a school of the future. At any rate, many of its disciples have submitted to careful training, and gone through laborious study, which must surely serve good purpose, when eccentricity and the devotion to puerile detail shall be thrown aside, and simple nature and earnest genius conspire together for a true and noble Art. Many of the works of Mr. Millais and Mr. Holman Hunt, in the figure, and of Mr. M'Callum, Mr. Brett, and others, in landscape, need no ingenious theory or aggressive dogmatism for their defence; they will live wholly independent of the Pre-Raffaelite schism, and in the end have a part in the universal fellowship of the good and the true, which survives mere sectarian disputations.

We will now take a general survey of that landscape Art in which our English school, for the last century, has been illustrious. Landscape, like the figure, acknowledges two somewhat hostile predilections—the classic and the naturalistic; and thus, with Wilson and Gainsborough, even at the first outset of our British school, the classic landscape—symmetic, ideal, and grand—and the more unpretending landscape of simple nature—a pastoral, homish and English—found alike its champion. Gainsborough's 'Cottage Door,' and 'Landscape, with Cattle,' belong, as it were, to a first elementary Art, which wins by its guileless nature. The landscapes of Morland, too, 'Gipsies,' and others, seize upon the accident of a simple scene, just as found: the dew is on the grass, the breeze is in the sky, broken stone and earth lie scattered across the foreground. Wilson shows more of science, and makes tree, and rock, and river conform to law, and stand and grow according to the principles of the grand style. In his exquisite 'View on the Dee,' he seems, indeed, for a moment to sink as a child into the charms of unsophisticated nature; but again, he remembers the dignity of his vocation, and in the well-known 'Ruins of Mæcenas Villa,' 'The Destruction of Niobe's Children,' and other works, he paints with the mantle of Claude and of Poussin thrown around his shoulders. The 'Landscape,' by De Loutherbourg, also belongs to the same large grand manner—broad, deep, and solemn, in shadow and in storm. In the historic descent of our English school, we must not forget Nasmyth, with whom was introduced a third element—not classic, not direct naturalistic, but nature seen through the Dutch style of Hobbema. His capital daguerreotype of rustic cottages, fields, and country lanes, also exhibited in Manchester, is just such a picture as a clever industrious man might paint, who first had learned Ruisdael and Hobbema by heart, and then went to nature. Pursuing the like analysis, we come to Turner—the greatest, the truest, and yet the most false of all landscape painters. Neither our space nor the pictures here exhibited enable us to complete a critical survey of his multifarious styles. At first, he seems, like other men, to have been tentative and experimental, and thus to have fallen under historic and traditional influence—painting in the manner of Claude, Poussin, and the like. Then came a middle period, when he entered on the fulness of enfranchised genius—going to nature, and in the ecstacy of her passion, and the poetry of her beauty, he made her all his own. Lastly, that genius, which at its height had served as light and inspiration, at length blazed into consuming madness. Thus historic tradition, nature, and genius even to delirium, are the three fundamental elements found in Turner's works. 'Italy' belongs to the period of Claude; 'The Guard-ship at the Nore' is still grey; 'The Shaffhausen,' a deluge of water, careful; 'Pope's Villa,' liquid, transparent, and sunny; 'The Seventh Plague,' sober, yet sublime, the plague shadowing the earth, shaking and sweeping the heavens, terrible even as the hailstone chorus in Handel's "Israel." The works of Turner, however, are here but partially seen; to understand the vastness and the glory of his genius, it is needful to examine his bequest to the nation, now exhibited in the great room of the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square. In this same imaginative school, we must rank Danby and Martin. The works of Martin are, for the most part, bold extravaganza, as represented by 'Belshazzar's Feast,' a kind

of taking heaven by storm, Babel's presumption, invoking overthrow. Danby was a poet who dealt less in direct miracle, and thus kept more within the possible limits of the natural. The 'Wild Sea Shore,' and 'The Passage of the Red Sea,' are good examples of this great painter's love of nature, and of the bold sweep of his imagination.

We must, however, revert to earlier men, Crome and Constable of whom are admirable specimens; painters, perhaps, still more essentially English than any of the preceding, of whom it may be said that when they sketched from nature, they forgot they had ever seen a picture. Of all Constable's works, such as 'The Hay Wain,' breezy, dewy, and green; 'Salisbury Meadows,' dark, solemn, and dramatic, none to our liking has more power or truth than 'The Lock Gates.' This is that real which is worth all the mock ideals of which mere poetaster painters are wont to rave. 'The Baggage Waggon,' by Müller, and 'Hastings,' by J. J. Chalon, are somewhat in the manner of Constable. Other of our artists, Bonington, for example, in 'Venice,' and occasionally Müller, as in 'Rhodes,' migrated towards the southern sun, and so got clear of Constable's "great coat weather," and basked their genius in the glow of eastern colour. Coming down to the living, the Academy of our day is represented by Lee, Witherington, and Creswick, in subject almost exclusively English, and in style strictly conservative. With the silvery grey of Mr. Creswick's 'Passing Cloud' may be contrasted the landscapes of golden fervour by the Messrs. Linnell, 'St. John preaching in the Wilderness,' and 'Collecting the Flocks,' symphonies for which Rubens would seem to have struck the keynotes. Lastly, before we launch from land to sea, we must make individual mention of 'The Temple of the Sun—Baalbec,' in a grand and scenic style, wherein Mr. Roberts neither fears nor finds foreign competitors.

'Shipping on the Thames,' and other pictures by Sir W. Callcott, float us upon the sea. The more stormy ocean of Stanfield, Hook, Cooke, and J. Wilson, proves that our painters, like our British sailors, are sea-born. A nation must possess commerce and a merchant navy, ere artists can paint ropes and yard-arms with detailed accuracy. A painter must take up his abode by the sea-shore, and sketch among the briny haunts of the fisherman, before he can depict, as Mr. Hook, the 'Luff, Boy,' and 'Stand Clear.' Mr. Stanfield, moreover, in the solitude and desolation of 'The Abandoned,' throws drama into the elements, and gives tragedy to the fury of the storm; and in his grand composition, 'French Troops crossing the Tyrol,' the theatre of nature is made animate by the heroism of great action, and the issue of war. No man knows better, by fitting use of figures in a landscape, how to give to dumb nature a voice, and to inanimate hills and valleys a human interest.

In the transcript of fruits and flowers, the pictures of Mr. Lance, Mr. Duffield, and Miss Mutrie, leave little to be desired. In the painting of animals, our English school takes equal rank with the works of Rosa Bonheur, Troyon, Jardin, and Verboeckhoven. The English series commences with Morland's 'Sheep,' one of his most characteristic productions. Next we must mention J. Ward's celebrated 'Alderney Bull,' probably painted as a rival to Paul Potter's 'Bull of the Hague,' and by many authorities deemed its equal. The works of Mr. Cooper, Mr. Ansdell, and Sir Edwin Landseer complete the list. Snyders painted the wild boar, and other artists may have studied the brute creation in untamed habitats, but our English school, for the most part, elevates the savage of the wilderness into a civilised creature, the companion of man. The horses of Troyon and Bonheur are shaggy; the coat of a Landseer steed, on the contrary, is well-kept and glossy; and Landseer dogs are of the drawing-room, patted, petted, and pampered. For parity of reason, while foreign schools make their animals in face look like animals, our English painters endow brutes upon canvas with the expression of men.

We have already pronounced the "high Art" of last century a failure; the less ambitious attempt of recent days may be taken for a comparative success. In one element, at least, we rise supreme, even above foreign schools. The artists of the continent may be more skilful as draftsmen; the English painters are certainly better colourists. Reynolds, the first president of the Academy, inaugurated a school of colour; Briggs, in 'The Conference between the Spaniards and Peruvians,' and other painters of the time, sought after chromatic intensity, till at last the culminating point is reached in the works of Turner and of Etty. Etty, otherwise a plain, simple man, was gifted with a gorgeous eye for colour, as testified by 'Cleopatra,' 'Woman pleading for the Vanquished,' 'Judith,' and 'Venus Descending,' all in the present Exhibition. It must be admitted, that his shadows are often black, as in the 'Hylas,' and the forms far from finished, as will be perceived in 'The World before the Flood.' Mr. Frost, in 'Una' and 'Chastity,' follows in the same line of subject; his drawing has more delicacy, his colour less ardour. Mr. Poole, in 'The Song of Philomena,' from Boccaccio's Decameron, and Mr. Goodall, in 'Felice Ballarin reciting Tasso,' each glories in the subtlest harmony of rich tertiary hues; heat palpitating, light flickering, as in the dreamland of the south.

History, and the grand historic style, may be approached from diverse points. A painter may relate the scandal or gossip of a past century, with the intent of sly satire, as Mr. Egg, in 'The Introduction of Pepys to Nell Gwynne.' Mr. Harvey, with more serious eye, gives us 'Covenanters Preaching;' Mr. Cave Thomas rises to the poetic in 'Laura at Avignon;' Mr. Crowe recites a page from English literary history, 'Pope's Introduction to Dryden;' Mr. Redgrave takes an interesting chapter from the annals of foreign Art, 'Quentin Matsys, the Blacksmith of Antwerp;' Mr. Holiday paints 'The Burgess of Calais,' from Froissart; the late David Scott renders with power 'The Duke of Gloucester at the Water Gate, Calais;' Mr. A. Johnston contributes 'The Arrest of John Brown, a Lollard;' Mr. Goodall 'An Episode in the happier days of Charles I.;' Mr. Lucy 'Lord Nelson in the Cabin of the Victory;' Mr. Hart 'Archbishop Langton swearing in the Barons;' Mr. Egg 'The Life and Death of Buckingham;' and Mr. Hurlstone 'Margaret d'Anjou and Edward, Prince of Wales, after the Battle of Hexham.' These several works possess merits which justly command position in the International Exhibition. Upon the same roll of the historic, we must further inscribe a few illustrious names: Poole, Maclise, Elmore, Ward. Mr. E. M. Ward is represented by some of his greatest works: 'Charlotte Corday going to Execution;' 'Marie Antoinette listening to the Act of Accusation;' 'The Fall of Clarendon;' and 'The Ante-chamber at Whitehall during the dying moments of Charles II.,' the leading picture of last Academy. 'Charlotte Corday,' one of the chief historic works in the Manchester "Art Treasures," rivals in power and dramatic intensity the grand pictures of the French school. Among other compositions which tell out by unwonted strength and originality, must be signalised 'The Tuileries,' by Mr. Elmore, during the terrible days of revolution, the rabble in the palace, the demons of democracy, contrasted with the queen-like dignity of Marie Antoinette grouped in the midst of her innocent children. The two pictures by Mr. Maclise, 'Caxton Exhibiting a Proof Sheet to Edward IV.,' and 'The Banquet Scene—*Macbeth*,' have, like the preceding works, already acquired established reputation. The 'Banquet Scene' is unapproached in grandeur and in terror: black perhaps to the pitch of melodrama, it yet rises by power of hand and mastery of treatment to that region of the supernatural which it attempts to unveil. Lastly, and in some respects greatest of all, let us emphasise Mr. Poole's 'Solomon Eagle exhorting the People during the Plague;' faces all death-awed: figures as if stricken by the demon of disease: a work which recalls the Maniac Boy of Raphael, and 'The Plague of Athens,' by Poussin.

A few other pictures, and they among the noblest, remain to be noticed. Of our English school it may be affirmed generally that, ensconced securely within its insular position, it permits not of foreign intervention, and owes little to historic traditions from the great masters. Exceptions, however, there are found. Mr. Dobson, for example, in 'The Children in the Market Place,' and other works by which he is favourably known, has evidently had an eye to Italian and German schools. Mr. Leighton, in the picture—the diploma of his fame—'Cimabue's Madonna carried through Florence,' avowedly dates back to the epoch of mediæval Italy. In like manner Mr. Cross's 'Richard Cœur de Lion,' Mr. Watts's 'Alfred encouraging the Saxons to resist the Danish Invaders,' Mr. F. R. Pickersgill's 'Burial of Harold,' and Mr. Gambardella's smoothly polished 'Allegory—Peace,' severally belong to the life-size scale, known as the grand style, for which precedents must be sought beyond the compass of our four seas. In passing, let us mark that, notwithstanding the continued absence of patronage, for lack of which Barry and others starved, the works which we have just enumerated evince a decided progression on the abortions of last century. Among artists who, while expressly forming their manner upon the best examples of the great Italian epochs, have yet known how to adapt their works to the altered requirements of their age and country, the names of Mr. Dyce, Mr. Herbert, and Sir Charles Eastlake, stand out pre-eminent. Mr. Dyce's 'Meeting of Jacob and Rachael,' Mr. Herbert's 'Magdalen,' and 'The Outcast of the People,' and Sir Charles Eastlake's 'Christ Blessing Little Children,' are among the best examples of Christian Art yet surviving in our English school. The other works of these painters, such as 'Greek Fugitives from Scio,' by the president of the Academy, are instinct with that beauty, manifest that æsthetic sense, which study of the great Italian masters can best infuse.

An International Exhibition invites to international comparison; therefore, in conclusion, we may state that the English school, in contrast with the pictures of other nations, will be found less vaulting in ambition, less exorbitant in dimension, less emulous of the grand style of the ancient masters. But as a compensation, on the other hand, the pictures in the "British Division" are truthful to nature, honest in sentiment, simple and heartfelt in subject, thoroughly earnest and independent in treatment, and as such are worthy of our people, thus serving as an index to our character, and therefore rising to the dignity and worth of a national and representative Art.

BLOCK-PRINTING, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

A TECHNICAL term of universal acceptance, though conveying a clear idea of the thing it designates, may not always take the most complimentary form of nomenclature, and that used for the subject of this essay may be open to such objection; it is, however, so usual to apply it to the art of printing from "blocks" of engraved wood or stereotypes in metal, designed for book illustration, that no more significant term could be well substituted.

"Block-books" is also a generic term adopted by typographical antiquaries to designate the most ancient form of book we possess, in which the entire page, both text and illustration, is cut from one solid block of wood. Books, in modern days, almost always suggest pictures; but in the earliest days of printing, pictures suggested books, and preceded them by several years. It was, in fact, the necessity of explaining these wood-engraved pictures by words that led to the engraving of letters, which increased as the value of the knowledge thus conveyed was felt, and ended in the invention of movable types, after which time pictures became subservient to text.

It is not possible to fix the date of any of these very early specimens of xylography, or wood-engraving, before 1423, but it is equally clear that specimens executed at an earlier period do exist, as they bear traces of the conception and mode of treatment which characterise all the works of the latter half of the fourteenth century. There is a singular fragment in the British Museum, representing Christ brought before Pilate, in which the incident is depicted, after the fashion of painted glass or monumental brasses, in bold broad lines, expressive of outline drawing only, and which may have been traced by the same hand that had often been employed by the glass-maker or the stone-mason. It is clear that the demand for these cheap reproductions of the figures of saints led to the foundation of a new art—that of wood-engraving, which gradually grew into picture-designing, then into picture-book making, and then to the invention of movable wooden type, when the art of printing,—the most valuable of all arts,—was soon perfected.

Like most great inventions, its extreme simplicity is remarkable; but the fact that the world should have existed for so many thousand years before its discovery is still more remarkable, inasmuch as engravings in relief, or *intaglio*, existed from the earliest times, and only wanted a colouring pigment applied to their surfaces to give forth any number of impressions. The stamps used three thousand years ago in ancient Egypt to impress bricks, or the cylinders employed as seals in Babylon, may be printed from, like a modern woodcut. The incised plates of hieroglyphic inscriptions, found sometimes with mummies, have actually been inked and printed in the rolling press, exactly as modern copper-plate engravings are. The mediæval brasses which abound in our churches, and range in date from the thirteenth century to the seventeenth, are absolute "line engravings," though coarse; and have frequently been printed for the use of collectors of such curious works. Thus man has allowed thousands of years to pass over his head, having a most useful art perfected to his hand, without that hand being mentally guided to render it available. The mere contact of ink and damp paper to relieved or incised inscriptions, was all that was wanting, to give the Pharaohs a newspaper before Moses existed.

An equally curious fact presents itself in the custom of affixing a monogram, or official signature, by means of a stamp, to legal documents in the middle ages. Here, then, we absolutely have engraving and printing in operation, yet the extension of the practice beyond these narrow limits seems never to have entered the mind of any person.

The early history of engraving and printing is involved in much obscurity, and it is not likely that this obscurity will be dispelled, inasmuch as both arts seem to have principally supplied the wants of the humbler classes, whose manners and history found no recorders. Thus wood-engraving and block-printing most probably originated with the manufacturers of playing-cards, of whose establishment at Augsburg, in 1418, we have record. They were cheaply and coarsely executed, and coloured by means of stencilling,—that is, the coloured portion received its tint by placing over it a perforated sheet of metal, wood, or pasteboard, which allowed the colour to be washed, only where wanted, by means of a brush rudely passed over it, requiring neither taste nor knowledge to use. This cheap and showy process added to the fascination of gaming; and the taste for its indulgence increased so as to alarm the clergy. A crusade against the card-painters was commenced by the monk Bernardin, of Siena (who was ultimately sainted for his zeal); and so successful was he, that a fire was made before his pulpit of the "devil's picture-books," as Burns forcibly designates them. He travelled on to Bologna, in 1423—a city as remarkable for its love of play as for the extensive manufacture of cards—and here his exhortations were productive of the same effect, to the decay of the trade, and the great grief of the traders, one of whom piteously appealed to the monk, and asked him how he was to support himself and family, as he knew no other business. Bernardin, with ready wit, at once took his tablet in hand, and drew upon it the sacred monogram I.H.S., in the centre of a radiant sun. "Paint this holy figure," said he, "and a better fortune will attend you." The man did so. The new device, with its brilliant colour, and religious significance, suited the state of the public mind, and the poor card-maker became rich by the constant and earnest demand for the sacred symbol.

These coarse engraved outlines, with their rude stencilled tints, generally in primitive hues,—yellow, blue, red, and green,—supplied to the humbler classes pictures in modest imitation of the missal, or manuscript drawings, which were necessarily restricted to the wealthy. Designed exclusively for the poor, and generally miserable as works of Art, the time of their birth, and the history of their progress, have not been recorded; but that they were abundantly spread is certain, though of the thousands printed very few specimens have descended to us. Pasted against cottage walls, they had but a brief existence; and the few preserved have been found affixed within the covers of books. The collection in the British Museum exhibits an antique book-cover, with an unique print of 'The Ages of Man' pasted within it; and the earliest woodcut with a date was preserved in a similar manner, upon the inner side of the cover of a volume of prayers in manuscript, which once belonged to the monastery of Buxheim, in the diocese of Augsburg. The picture details the legend of St. Christopher, and beneath it are the following lines and date:—

> "Christofori faciem die quacunque tueris,
> Ille nempe die morte mala non morieris.—
> *Millesimo* cccc xx. *tercio.*"

We give a reduced copy of the central figure in this important woodcut, omitting the accessories. The original is 11¼ inches high, by 8⅛ inches wide; to the right of the saint is a mill and millers, to the left a monk, who lights him across an arm of the sea, through which he wades, bearing the infant Saviour on his shoulder, and supporting his steps by an uprooted palm-tree. The legend affirms Christopher to have been a giant, miraculously converted to Christianity, by whose intercession all travellers and devout persons, who looked upon his pictured semblance, were preserved from accidental or sudden death on that day. This belief is enforced by the lines in this cut, which may be thus translated—

> "Christopher's face when thou seest, that day
> By no evil chance shall thy life pass away."

In conformity with this belief, figures of St. Christopher were carried in the caps, or about the persons, of travellers. Chaucer's Yeoman, in the "Canterbury Tales," is described as going his pilgrimage to Becket's renowned shrine in that city, bearing on his breast a figure of St. Christopher in bright silver. The giant-saint, with his holy burthen, was constantly depicted on the walls of churches, and a very fine example still exists at Shorwell, in the Isle of Wight, in Feering Church, Essex, in Croydon Church, Surrey, and many others. It occurs also on a brass in Wyke Church, Hants. Finger-rings had also figures of this saint upon them. Continental examples abound to this day; for in Catholic countries the saint's power of intercession is still confided in; and on the wall of a house beside

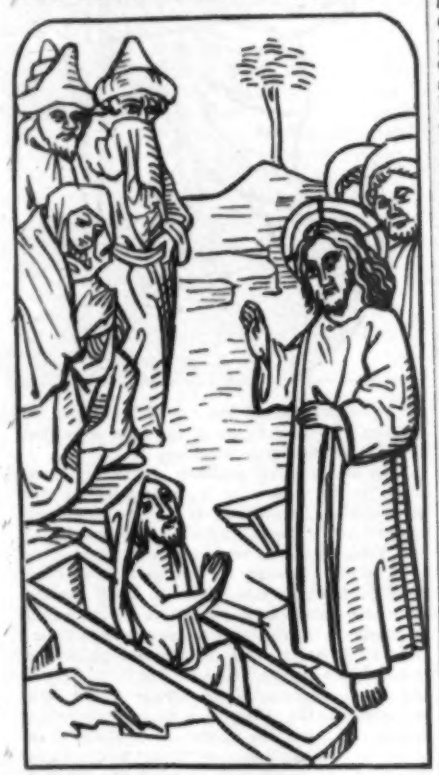
the principal gate of the city of Treves, on the Moselle, a colossal figure of the saint is painted, no doubt in charity to travellers.

This woodcut was probably extensively circulated, yet no other than a single copy has ever been found. Its position, as a *dated* monument of early Art, is most important; but it was, for the first time, sought to be seriously invalidated in 1844, by the discovery at Malines of a woodcut dated 1418, which passed into the Royal Library at Brussels, and was made known to the world by Baron de Reiffenberg, the conservator there. It is 10 inches wide, by 15 inches high, and is enclosed by a border. The subject is the Virgin and Child, surrounded by female saints. An enclosure like the paling of a field envelopes the design, and upon the upper bar of the gate, in the centre of the enclosure, is the date M.CCCC°XVIII. This date, the Baron adds, is given in a manner "nette, précise, incontestable." This dictum has, however, been disputed by nearly every one of the critics who have since examined the print. The style of its design and execution by no means accords with this early date; and the date itself has been tampered with, until all dependence upon its present condition fails to be felt; partly obliterated in places, and "restored" in others by the crayon, its value as "incontestable" evidence totally ceases. The space after the four letters C, now occupied by a minute o, is much rubbed, and another C is believed to have been there originally, thus making the date 1518. The style of the print would perfectly suit this date; but if the earlier one be adopted, we must suppose a solitary instance of the art of wood-engraving to have been produced, exhibiting the advances made by one hundred years' experience, and which is to be seen in no other engraving of the age this purports to assume.

Text, in connection with these old wood engravings, became common and necessary. Sometimes these broad-sheets exhibited a page almost entirely filled by type, as in the curious example in the British Museum, the "Temptationes Dæmonis," in which three small figures only occur at top. In the same really admirable collection is another remarkable broad-sheet, the 'Turris Sapientiæ," one of those quaint imaginings so peculiarly characteristic of the moral thought of the age. This Tower of Wisdom is founded on various virtues, the gate being reached by a flight of stairs, each bearing the name of

moral actions; the valves of the door are Obedience and Patience, and the windows Discretion, Religion, Devotion, and Contemplation; every stone of the building has in the same way a name of some moral and mental quality engraved upon it. The cut must have been a work of much labour; but in this way books now began to be formed. Printed sheets, like this, were placed back to back, secured by paste, and "block-books" were the result.

Of these "block-books," the best known is that termed the "Biblia Pauperum," which seems to have had a most extensive sale, and to have been re-engraved several times. It consists of scriptural designs, arranged in architectural compartments, with figures of the prophets above, and brief illustrative inscriptions. The designs are worked out in the simplest mode of strong outline, all shadows expressed by rows of lines at angles with the outline. Our engraving will give an idea of their character, as it is copied the full



size of the original. The coarse simplicity of the central tree belongs to the infancy of the art of wood-engraving. Otherwise the design is not without merit. The subject is the Raising of Lazarus; and the action of the spectator who covers his mouth and nose, is an ingenious thought of the designer to indicate the condition of the grave, which has been repeated by some of the greater masters in Art at a subsequent period, with a meed of applause from critics who little suspected its humble origin.

"Formschneider," or form-cutter, was the term applied to these engravers, from the form or model they thus produced for the printer; and it is not a little curious to remember that the type of a modern book, when arranged in pages, is to this day called a *form* in all our printing-offices. From these ancient forms impressions were taken by friction. The face of the woodcut being covered with a thin ink of a brown tint, the lines were transferred to the paper by placing it over the block, and rubbing the surface with a burnisher; and it is again remarkable that wood-engravers, to this hour, adopt this mode of taking India-paper proofs of their work, merely placing a card over the paper to prevent its tearing, or the burnisher bruising the fine lines of the cut.

These block-books had the great disadvantage of being engraved in solid pages, so that should an accident or error occur, it could only be rectified by cutting out the part, and inserting a new piece of wood to engrave upon. But the greatest of all improvements was in preparation to obviate this drawback—the invention of movable type—and from that hour the art of printing rapidly attained perfection.

The claim to this important discovery has been made for Laurence Coster, of Haarlem, and John Gutemburg, of Mentz; hence the authors of Holland and Germany have somewhat angrily fought on paper for what they conceive to be an honour to the country of its birth. A national partisanship, which allows of no compromise, has consequently sprung up, and been participated by bibliographers in other countries, who range with each combatant for victory rather than truth. Unfortunately there does not exist conclusive evidence to settle this vexed question. The tale may be thus briefly and impartially told.

Laurence Coster, sacristan of the cathedral at Haarlem, had practised the art of printing for some years, when he thought of the use of movable wooden types. His assistant John (*conjectured* to be John Faust) left his service secretly and suddenly, taking with him this type, joined Gutemburg at Mentz, and there prosecuted and perfected the art as of their own invention. The detail of this narrative is first given by Junius in a history of Holland, printed in 1588, the "robbery" having taken place on the Christmas Eve of 1442. Junius was born in 1512, and died in 1575, aged sixty-three; but he speaks of this tradition as "an ancient opinion, inscribed in the minds of some as if it had been burnt in by fire." But there is earlier testimony, though not so precise in its details, as to the actual origin of the art in Holland. This is the evidence of the old printer, Ulric Zell, who thus speaks in the "Cologne Chronicle," 1499:—

"This most revered art was first discovered at Mentz, in Germany, and it is a great honour to the German nation that such ingenious men were found in it. This happened in the year of our Lord 1440; and from that time until the year 1450, the art, and what belongs to it, was rendered more perfect. Although the art was invented at Mentz, as aforesaid, in the manner it is now commonly used, the first idea originated in Holland, from *the Donatuses*, which were printed there even before that time; and from out of them has been taken the beginning of the aforesaid art, which has since been perfected more cunningly than it was according to that same method, and is become more and more ingenious."

The late Mr. Leigh Sotheby, in prosecuting his researches among block-books for the compilation of his "Principia Typographia," examined closely all editions of the "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis," and in the third (or second Latin) edition, movable type is used, but the whole is perfected by the recurrence to the old block pages of the earlier edition; "some extraordinary event, therefore," argues Mr. Sotheby, "must have caused the necessity of this admixture. In the absence of other testimony, these block-pages become, as it were, circumstantial evidence of the statement of the historian, and may, we think, be considered as almost corroborative of the robbery related by him." The first Dutch edition of the same work presents similar peculiarities; "I can only suppose," continues Mr. S., "that, at the time of the robbery, the printer had no immediate means of replacing the loss sustained, and that it was considered (in this instance) more economical to have the pages cut in wood than to have a new fount of type cut or cast." Arguments founded on the paper-marks are not of value, as that was freely exported to all countries; but it may be worth noting that the badges of the great Dukes of Burgundy most constantly occur, as well as the initials of their Christian names. Thus the letter P became a national water-mark during the period of one hundred and sixteen years, generally accompanied with the symbol of a single fleur-de-lis for Burgundy. The letter Y, the initial for Isabella, daughter of John, King of Portugal, third wife of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, to whom she was married Jan. 10, 1429, also appears alone and in conjunction with her husband's.

The advocates for Gutemburg, discarding the evidence of Junius as of too modern a character, and of Zell as conveyed too loosely to be conclusive for the claims of Holland, point in their turn to the matter-of-fact evidence given in the law courts of Strasburg, where a suit was instituted against him in 1438, by the brothers of his deceased partner, Andrew Drytzehn, that they might participate in his invention, or that he should refund monies advanced to him to perfect it. From the evidence it is clear that Gutemburg had been studying to perfect movable types as early as 1436, and that he succeeded in setting up *forms* therewith; that he had used a quantity of lead, and that one Hans Dünne, a goldsmith and engraver, had been employed in connection with his printing: thus it may fairly be conjectured that he cut the types from the metal. The whole process is treated as "a secret art," hence the evidence is guardedly and obscurely given; but it is clear that at Strasburg he made his first experiment, though it was not till his return to his native city of Mentz, and after his partnership there with the goldsmith John Faust, in 1444, who furnished money, that the art became perfected. Faust employed Peter Scheffer as an assistant, who subsequently married his daughter, and, about 1484, perfected the art by the invention of punches and matrices for making and casting letters; thus doing away with the tedious and expensive process of engraving each separately. Faust and Gutemburg dissolved their partnership in 1455, and the latter died in 1468. He appears to have carried on a small business alone, but it is remarkable that no book has been discovered bearing his imprint. Of those that are supposed to have proceeded from his press, the "Catholicon" of Johannes de Balbis seems to carry best internal evidence in its own favour. Faust and Scheffer now practised the art at Mentz; the first book with a date being a Psalter in large folio, printed in 1457. No more remarkable work ever issued from the printing-press; it is as if the art sprung, like Minerva, "fully armed" from the head of Jupiter. Whether the perfection of type, brilliancy of ink, or clearness of printing be considered, the Mentz Psalter could not be surpassed at the present day. The volume also contains the earliest specimens of colour-printing in existence. The initial letters are printed from ornamental woodcuts in red and blue inks, and are equally remarkable for beauty of execution, careful register, and clear colour. All the copies of this volume known are printed on vellum, and it is the glory of the ancient German press.

Block-printing now ceases to be a term applied to book pages. Henceforth it is confined to the engravings that illustrate them, and which alone we shall have to consider.

Wood-engraving is to printed books what miniature paintings are to manuscripts. The latter works, necessarily costly in production, were consequently limited in use; but the printing-press soon spread knowledge at a comparatively cheap rate, and the engraver enriched and made clearer their teaching by woodcuts. The art of the illuminator sank into desuetude, and the *scriptorium* vanished before the printing office. Book illustration can scarcely be said to have kept pace with typographic improvements. There was no improvement in the drawing of figure subjects; and though more pictorial treatment was given to them by the management of shadows, they were expressed in unmeaning lines, lacking grace, and totally inexpressive of drawing. The book of fables printed by Pfister, at Bamberg, in 1461, is the earliest typographic work illustrated by woodcuts, and they are infinitely inferior to the earlier block-books, particularly the "Cantica Canticorum," many of which are exceedingly graceful. The travels of Breydenbach, printed at Mentz in 1486, and the "Hortus Sanitatis," also printed there in 1491, are inartistic and coarse. The "Nuremberg Chronicle," a work which issued from the press of Koburger, in that city, A.D. 1493, is a ponderous folio, with more than two thousand woodcuts, devoted to representations of places, as well as personages, real and imaginary, and scenes sacred and profane. They are coarse, but have the advantage of bolder effects of light and shade than usual, with the introduction of "cross-hatching," or shadow lines passing over each other,—a difficulty in wood-engraving at all times, though soon extensively adopted. The views and minor illustrations were executed by William Pleydenwurff; the historical scenes by Michael Wohlgemuth, an artist of great repute in the old imperial city of Nuremberg, and

remembered now chiefly as having been the master of Albert Durer—the greatest name in old German Art.

Durer's woodcuts were universally patronised; they spread over Europe, and Raffaelle has been recorded among their admirers; the engraver he employed upon his own designs (Marc Antonio Raimondi) did not scruple to copy them on copper, and profit by the sale of a piracy. It is generally imagined that Durer engraved these woodcuts; but that is not likely to have been the case, inasmuch as the large amount of mechanical labour they require, and the time it must consume, combined with our knowledge of the very many copper engravings, paintings, drawings, carvings, and written works on the arts, upon which he employed himself, render it impossible for his short life to have permitted this. His almost equally celebrated contemporary, Hans Burgmair, who is also considered as a wood-engraver, was, there is little reason to doubt, the draughtsman only, drawing on the surface of the wood every line of the design, which became a mere mechanical labour to cut. The wood blocks of his greatest work, 'The Triumph of the Emperor Maximilian,' are still preserved at Vienna, and upon the backs of these cuts are engraved the names and initials of the persons who executed them—more than twenty-five in all. The Emperor of Germany (Maximilian I.) was a very great patron of the new art of book-illustration, and he devoted a large share of time and money to self-laudation by its means. Under the form of the imaginary "Mirror of Knighthood," Sir Theurdauk, he celebrated his own prowess, and in that of "The Wise King" his early education and accomplishments. The triumphs just alluded to continue the flattering series, left incomplete by his death. Thus hundreds of elaborate woodcuts were produced under the auspices of the Emperor, giving very constant employment to the artists Durer, Burgmair, Cranach, and Schafflein; and a host of wood-engravers patronised by them. Hans Baldung Grün, Hans Springen Klee, Lucas Van Leyden, Urs Graff, and a multitude of draughtsmen, spread examples of the art far and wide over Europe, producing works that have never been surpassed in ability and vigour, but only in refinement of "finish."

At the very commencement of the sixteenth century, block-printing assumed a new phase. Paintings were dissected, their tints distributed upon a series of blocks, each printed over the other, the drawing being expressed by a line engraving covering all; by this means a transcript of a picture, or rather a coloured engraving, like a washed drawing, was produced. The origin of these colour-printed works is by many writers claimed for an Italian artist, Ugo da Carpi, whose works, chiefly after Raffaelle, date about 1518; but there are earlier works in the same style by Cranach, and the German wood-engravers, with dates from 1509 downwards. They are all remarkable, but none beautiful. The colour is generally unpleasant, and the imitative handling of the tints inartistic, and occasionally awkward. For *bassi-relievi*, or coins, it was well fitted; and there are some books with illustrations of this kind very successfully rendered.

About the middle of the sixteenth century the taste for large woodcuts printed on sheets, as we now print copper-plates, appears to have declined, and the art was almost exclusively devoted to small book illustrations. The presses of Germany, Switzerland, and France, teemed with volumes abounding in beautiful designs, and originated a class of artists known as "the little masters," who devoted themselves to this employ. Italy also produced its wood engravers, but their works, though remarkable for greater purity of drawing, never rivalled the elaboration or finish of the French or German school. Of these schools Solomon Bernard and Justus Ammon may be considered the best "representative men;" they laboured through a long series of years in the production of very many hundreds of woodcuts, chiefly for the illustrated books which were published by the printers of Lyons and Frankfort, chief among whom was Sigismund Feyerabend, who extensively employed the artist Ammon (he was born at Zurich in 1529, and died at Nuremberg in 1591), whose principal works consisted of a series of engravings illustrative of the mechanical arts, of female costume, the principal events of Roman history, &c. &c. Solomon Bernard was equally industrious for the Lyons booksellers; he is sometimes styled "Le Petit Bernard," from the small size to which he restricted his designs. They often do not measure two inches across, yet does he succeed in depicting historic scenes with landscape backgrounds of much clearness and beauty in this confined space. The "Quadrians Historiques de la Bible," written by Claude Paradin, were thus illustrated by him, and first printed at Lyons in 1550, by De Tournes. They are only an inch and a half in width, by two inches in height, but are sometimes crowded with well-drawn figures, and have landscape backgrounds clearly and delicately rendered. "His works," says Dr. Dibdin ("Bibliographical Decameron," vol. i., p. 183), "are executed with a brilliancy and precision which must render all rivalry hopeless." Papillon, himself a wood engraver (who lived in the succeeding century), and a historian of his art, observes of them,—"I advise the connoisseur to well examine them; they well merit it by their delicacy and charming freedom of design." He was particularly happy in the treatment of landscapes and trees, and he had a judicious knowledge of the value of the brilliant effect the art of wood-engraving possesses over all others when the wood is allowed to represent deep shadow by being slightly engraved, or even left alone to tell its own effect. As an example, we copy the scene

of the interview between Venus and Pluto, one of the series of one hundred and seventy-eight engravings he executed for Jean de Tournes, the printer, of Lyons, in 1574, to illustrate the Metamorphoses of Ovid. The horses of the car in which the god of Inferno rides, are almost solid wood; the outline and the drawing expressed by a very few lines. The eye of taste, that can look beyond the quaint peculiarities of an old woodcut, will see much to admire in the simple treatment and power of drawing evinced throughout this cut. The clear sea expressed by a few lines; the beating surf, the pebbly shore, the mounds, shadowed islets, and distant rocks, are all truthfully rendered. Nor are the minute figures of Venus and Cupid other than graceful, or Pluto without a certain strength and dignity. This is but one of a thousand that emanated from the brain of this most prolific artist.

The Lyons press gave forth to the world, in the year 1538, the most remarkable of these illustrated books; one which has stood all criticism, and is still triumphant. This is the renowned 'Dance of Death,' from the designs of Hans Holbein. No *fac-similes* have hitherto fully

equalled the originals. It has been well said of them that they have no needless display of mere mechanical skill, but are executed in a manner at once simple and efficient. They are not so remarkable for the mere delicacy of the lines, as that these lines properly convey their meaning.

The palmy days of ancient wood-engraving were certainly at this period—an inferior race of artists succeeded to those who had won their laurels at Frankfort and Lyons. Press-work then was never equal to their efforts, and it is impossible to look at many of these beautiful old books, without mentally wishing the block-printing of the present day could be applied to them; beautiful as they are, we must guess only at what they then would be, with the careful printing and brilliant inks of the present time. An inferior race of wood-engravers, and an overstocked market of illustrated books, led to the decay of the art; books were no longer published merely for the sake of the cuts, and such as wanted illustration were furnished with copper-plates. Still the art never entirely died out. Rubens patronised it, and employed Jeghers to cut some of his designs, in rivalry, as it is supposed, of the older artists. The cuts thus executed are very large, and have much vigorous shadow; but, as wood-engravings, are very mechanical.

In France, the family of Le Sueur was long employed, after the fashion of Bernard, by the booksellers; their works range from his era to the middle of the eighteenth century. In our own country we had but miserable specimens of the art, fit only for the heading of street ballads. Chatto, in his history of the art, observes that "between 1650 and 1700, wood-engraving, as a means of multiplying the designs of eminent artists, either as illustrations of books, or as separate cuts, may be considered as having reached its lowest ebb. A few tolerably well-executed cuts of ornaments are occasionally to be found in Italian, French, and Dutch books of this period; but though they sufficiently attest that the race of *workmen* was not wholly extinct, they also afford ample proof that *artists* like those of former times had ceased to furnish designs for the wood-engraver."

The best wood-engraving seems to have been executed in France at this time, but it was much restricted to head and tail-pieces, the mere decorative enrichments to books. Papillon was the best of its professors; his style more nearly approached the modern, inasmuch as he appears to have cut from tinted drawings, expressing tints by shadow lines, and cutting out of the wood effect with his graver, instead of tamely following drawn lines. He also improved the art by some new effects, such as lowering the surface of the wood-blocks in parts, to produce more delicate tints when printed, or burnishing the lines, to give them greater breadth and blackness.

In our own country wood-engraving was very low, and the names of but few of its professors are recorded. The woodcuts, published in Howel's "Medlula Historiæ Anglicanæ," 1712, are believed to be the work of Edward Kirkall, as well as those in Croxall's edition of "Æsop's Fables," 1722. Between the years 1720 and 1740, very many cuts, entirely ornamental, appear in books, with the initials of F. H. attached. This is Francis Hoffman, whose name is engraved in full to a tail-piece representing Cupids grouped round an altar in the first edition of "Gulliver's Travels," 1726, vol. ii. p. 47. "W. Pennock, Sculp." occurs on another woodcut of the same date. John Baptist Jackson also worked in the early part of this century on woodcuts for books, as well as for block-printing in chiar-oscuro, like those by Ugo da Carpi, already described. Some very good engravings were executed by a J. Lister, of whom nothing is known. T. Hodgson engraved some large cuts for Sir John Hawkins's "History of Music," and Smith, in his "Life of Nollekens," mentions a Mr. Deacon, who engraved, in 1765, some copies of Italian designs "entirely with a penknife, and they were executed on pear-tree, on the sideways of the grain." It may be here remarked, that the old woodcuts were always cut in this way, while the modern are cut on hardest box-wood, against the grain.

In 1779 appeared, from the press of T. Saint, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, an edition of "Gay's Fables," with cuts by Thomas Bewick, a man whose genius was destined to revive the fallen art of wood-engraving, and point the way to that success which has steadily attended the efforts of its professors ever since, who have "wedded Art to the press" indissolubly throughout the world. Bewick's great success was based on the study of nature, and the power he possessed of expressing with his graving tool what no draughtsman could have helped him to do. He could thus cut out of the wood small figures of animals and birds, which only a naturalist can fully appreciate. On the dark side of a stone he would cut grasses and leaves, so that a botanist should name them. His birds and quadrupeds have never been equalled, and the whim of some of his tail-pieces is worthy of the best humorous artists. More modern wood-engravers have exceeded him in beauty of execution and elaboration of workmanship, but none have equalled Bewick in this power of cutting out of a block such expressive drawing. The sort of cut used for books before his time may be best studied in our fac-simile, in the previous page, from "Æsop's Fables, with Additions" (*circa* 1760), the one selected is the fox being executed in the presence of the beasts he has injured. The naturalist may here be puzzled, as well as amused, by the rude and inaccurate transcripts the engraver has made "from nature."

Bewick's woodcuts soon commanded attention; many could scarcely believe such delicate work and excellent effects could be produced by means of an art, the productions of which generally had been so low. During a long life he sedulously practised his art and its improvement, leaving many pupils to continue the good work. Of these the best were Clennell, Nesbit, and his brother, John Bewick. John Jackson and William Harvey were also among his pupils. Robert

Branston was the most remarkable man out of the influence of Bewick, for he studied alone, and perfected his style in London, it had less of nature, but more of refinement, than that of Bewick. To these men we owe the resuscitation of an art that now numbers many hundreds of professors, and contributes thousands of beautiful engravings to decorate the literature of the day. We conclude our series of cuts with one such example, engraved by Greenaway, from a drawing by Harrison Weir: it is taken from a beautiful volume entitled "Rhymes and Roundelayes," published by Messrs. Routledge, Warne, and Routledge, to whom we are indebted for permission to introduce it here.

The delicate character of modern wood engraving could not be displayed in all its beauty of effect if we had only the appliances of the old printing offices. The ink they used was of a more simple manufacture, generally made by the printer himself, by a slow and circumscribed process. The sheets, when printed, were allowed a long time to dry, while, at the present day, the introduction of steam machinery obliges every accessory to keep pace with that rapid and marvellous power; hence the extreme difficulty of producing an ink which shall combine intensity of colour with the necessary quick drying properties demanded at the maker's hands. The ink used for printing this Journal is expressly manufactured by Messrs. Parsons, Fletcher, and Co., and combines the essential qualities of depth of colour and clearness of impression, for which their inks have long been favourably known, abroad as well as at home. Fifty years ago the trade of a printing ink manufacturer was almost unknown; now it is an extensive business, and by concentration of thought to its perfect improvement, has aided the press and the artist in illustrating general literature by "block printing" more beautiful than the best *livres de luxe* produced twenty years ago.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM RENSHAW, ESQ., SALFORD.

THE DUET.

J. Sant, A.R.A., Painter. F. Holl, Engraver.

Artists are presumed by most persons to live in an atmosphere peculiar to themselves; even their dwellings are considered to be different, in internal economy, from those of other men, a kind of small museum of objects pertaining to their profession, a repository of the wrecks of past ages mingled with objects of modern date. Some poet has said—

> "Beauty should be around the beautiful,
> And these fine Arts live in an atmosphere
> Of light surrounded by thrice delicate shapes
> Of grace and love."

A painter's studio does indeed take its tone, or character, generally, from that of his works, whatever the arrangements of his other apartments may be; and things strange and incongruous are often found in close companionship within the comparatively narrow limits of the room where he works out in solitude the creations of his mind. Miss Landon has sketched a pleasant picture of an Italian artist's studio, fair enough to inspire any painter with thoughts of loveliness. This lady had a true feeling for the beautiful in Art, and some of her sweetest poetry was called forth by scenes, real or imaginary, of a picturesque character, or by the actual productions of the artist.

> "The light came dim, but beautiful, through blinds
> Of the linked jessamine, which wooed the vine
> With its white kisses; and the fragrant air,
> Bearing low music from the wind-touched harp,
> Came floating through the room. By glimpses seen,
> As o'er the lattices the moonlight played
> And lighted up its waters, shone the lake,
> With its white swans, like spirits, gliding on
> Its isles of floating lilies; and its banks,
> Where swept the graceful willows, and the turf,
> Silvered with dew and starlight, spread beneath,
> Dotted with clumps of gloomy cypresses,
> Mixed with the fairer blossomed orange-trees,
> And far beyond, like shadowy thunder-clouds,
> Rose high but distant hills; and over all
> A soft and blue Italian sky,—the blue
> The lover worships in the maiden's eyes,
> Whose beauty is their power and spell. And, like
> Sweet incense to sweet shrines, dew-scented flowers
> Filled up the casements; roses on whose leaves
> The summer had just breathed; the buds of pearl
> That are the myrtle's dower; carnation stems,
> Rich in their perfumed blushes—all were there
> Looking and breathing June. The marble floor
> Had not a spot, save two or three rich stains
> Cast from the pictured roof, on which was told
> The history of Aurora and her love;
> The earthly youth she wooed, and wooed in vain.
> . . . . . .
> And round the walls were pictures: some calm scenes
> Of earth's green loveliness; and some, whose hues
> Were caught from faces in whose smile our life
> Is one of Paradise; and statues, whose white grace
> Is as a dream of poetry."

This seems just the kind of studio suited to an artist like Mr. Sant, whose pictures breathe a fragrance of all that is tender and beautiful; the bright and graceful maiden, the young and blithesome child, are the "models" that have the readiest access to his painting-room, and find the most cordial welcome. Almost every artist has his speciality of subject; he may represent many well, but there are some which he does better than others, and Mr. Sant's peculiar strength is in his portraits of young females and children; these are distinguished by elegance of composition, sweetness of expression, and a clear, transparent tone of colour—somewhat feeble perhaps occasionally in texture, as was Reynolds's, but still very brilliant when fresh from the easel. This quality of transparency is very noticeable in the flesh-tints of the two figures engraved here; it appears to be aided by a singular but skilful management of reflected lights, that give to the faces what is technically called a "pearly" tone. The heads are prettily grouped, but the half-open mouth and the down-cast eyes of each are opposed to the expression of any definite feeling or sentiment. A young lady who took up the print as it lay before us while writing—and young ladies are presumed to be authorities in such matters—has pointed out that the music is bracketed on the wrong side; certainly the fair critic is correct; the outside page is, in fact, upside down.

THE DUET.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM RENSHAW ESQ.

BRITISH
12 AU 62
MUSEUM

MEDIÆVAL ART-WORKMANSHIP.

THE EXHIBITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

More than twelve years have elapsed since the Society of Arts, by the formation and exhibition of a collection of antique Art-manufactures, gave the general public an idea not only of the beauty of those works, but of the rich character of the private collections in England. That exhibition was the forerunner of many important movements, each increasing its scope, and it is to this beginning we owe not only the formation of many local museums and private collections, but in it we may trace the germ of our Great Exhibition, and the extended operations of our schools of design. It was therefore an appropriate act on the part of the South Kensington officials to inaugurate some of the new rooms they open this summer by a similar gathering of works of early Art, and thus to give our foreign visitors an idea of the treasures still preserved among us.

We can do little more than indicate the principal articles exhibited: a mere list would fill a space greater than can be awarded; but we may do enough to awaken an interest, and induce a lengthened investigation on the part of our readers which will well reward them. We will therefore briefly consider the collection chronologically. First in antiquity and beauty are the charming specimens of Greek jewellery found at Alexandria, and exhibited by Signor Castellani, of Rome. A very fine collection of Greek and Roman glass is contributed by Mr. Webb, and an extraordinary cup by the Baron Lionel Rothschild, having a bacchanalian subject in relief upon its surface, the figures being, in many parts, entirely undercut; it is a work of the later Roman era, partaking of the features of the Byzantine school. The very large and important collection of works in ivory, formed by Mr. Webb, exhibits specimens ranging from Roman to mediæval times, all being alike remarkable for design and execution. The works in enamel include all schools from Byzantine to late French; they are most remarkable for brilliancy of colour and gorgeous elaboration of enrichment; the rarest and finest, as they are unquestionably the grandest, of these works, are the series of large portraits contributed by Mr. Danby Seymour, M.P. Baron Rothschild has one case entirely filled with the rarest and most beautiful *articles de luxe*, such as ewers, plateaux, saliers, &c., by the first masters of the best days of the Art. A few Saxon antiquities show how well our early goldsmiths worked in the days when St. Dunstan stood at his forge: the brooch from the Ashmolean Museum, and other examples, though less in number and quality than many we know of, represent at least this branch of Art. Irish antiquities are much better displayed in a really remarkable gathering of fine croziers, chalices, brooches, and other objects from the collections of the Royal Irish Academy, Trinity College, Dublin, and private persons, among whom Lord Londesborough may be named as exhibiting some of the best fibulæ, the *finest* being that belonging to Mr. West, of Dublin; the famous Dunregan cup, the shrine of St. Monaghan, and the reliquary in the form of an arm, sent by Mr. Fountaine, are works that tell a powerful tale of the Art capabilities of the men of old who worked in "the green island."

Eastern pottery, in all its variety, is also seen, and conspicuously the vases belonging to Mr. Falkener, covered with a glaze of so fine and rich a quality as to give them the look of glass. The glass manufacture of the East is admirably displayed in the contributions of Messrs. Slade, Barker, and Martin Smith, whose contributions are unique in rarity and beauty; they are not limited to the East, but comprise the finest examples of Venetian and German glass.

The rarest and most remarkable collection of pottery ever brought together, may delight the eye of the connoisseur in the case devoted to the Henry II. ware, made in France; its history is lost, and its style unapproachable: it is a veritable pipe-clay, decorated with the most delicate monochrome tracery. Not more than fifty-three examples of this exquisite earthenware are known to exist, and of that number twenty-three specimens are in England, the whole being contributed by the various owners to this Exhibition, so that here we have a combination of the gems of all private collections, such as no other nation in the world could show, and that we are never likely to see again. Of the other examples twenty-nine are in France, and one in Russia, and of these, coloured drawings are exhibited.

Her Majesty the Queen, with her usual liberality, exhibits some cases, filled with antique cameï and mediæval jewellery. Mr. Waterton sends his remarkable collection of rings, among them "the Darnley ring," with the combined initials of Mary Queen of Scots and her second husband. as well as several very rare examples of "the gimmal" or linked ring. The Prayer Book of Queen Elizabeth, a tiny volume, small enough to hang at her girdle, bound in a chased gold cover, by the famed George Heriot, is lent by its owner, G. Field, Esq., and is a very remarkable historic relique.

The pair of stirrups belonging to W. N. Forman, Esq., are singularly rare and fine examples of mediæval Art, elaborately chased and inlaid with enamels and nielli; they are unique among horse furniture, and admirable in execution.

Decorative arms and armour are contributed by Her Majesty, Lord Londesborough, Sir A. Hay, H. Magniac, Esq., and others. The Queen's shield, with its inlaid gold and silver work; Lord Londesborough's beautiful guns and embossed breastplate, helmets, and gauntlets; the shield of Sir A. Hay; and the nobly designed wrought-steel breastplate belonging to Mr. Magniac, especially demand attention; but in addition to these are a host of minor articles also deserving study, evidencing, as they do, the large amount of artistic thought possessed by the old armourers.

Enriched table plate may be seen here in great variety and beauty. The specimens range from the time of Richard II. to the close of the last century, including the famous enamelled cup belonging to the corporation of Lynn, and known as "King John's Cup." The colleges and companies have been most liberal in loans; from Oxford and Cambridge we have the cups presented by their founders, as well as the world-renowned crozier of William of Wykeham. The mace belonging to the corporation of St. Andrews is a very remarkable piece of fourteenth century work, of striking design, and great beauty of execution. The corporations of York, Bristol, Cambridge, Morpeth, and Hedon, send their official swords and maces, and nearly all the city companies of London their remarkable old plate, perhaps the rarest and finest in the country. A noticeable feature is the fact that among it are many unique examples of early English silversmith's work. To these are added various admirable specimens from private collectors, one of the finest being the drinking-jug lent by Mr. Durlacher, an example of English Art-workmanship of the Jacobean era, unrivalled in taste, delicacy, and beauty. Mr. Hope's wonderful enamelled cup, the richly decorated ewer and salver belonging to Captain Leyland, those of Earl Cowper, and the Duke of Rutland, with the Earl of Hamilton's plate, and the rich and varied series of quaint table plate exhibited by Baron Lionel Rothschild, testify to the Art-ability of the ancient metal-workers. Of their more massive and sumptuous, but less artistic labours, we have specimens in the enormous silver wine-coolers and banqueting furniture belonging to the Duke of Rutland and Earls Spencer and Chesterfield.

A case containing crystal cups and vases, some mounted and decorated with enamels, call for especial notice, which they will well repay.

After studying so much as this meagre list of noble works reveals, we must confess to have little inclination to note the porcelain of Sevres, or the enriched buhl and marqueterie of the last century, of which many fine and rare specimens are contributed. Such works are less uncommon to see than those near which they are placed; we can, therefore, do no more than allude to them, and the so-called Raffaelle ware.

We need not again enforce the value of this collection on our readers, or the great attraction it possesses, for all who desire to contemplate the Art-productions of past ages thus temporarily gathered from all sources for the instruction and delight of our own. A more faultless group of noble relics we have never seen.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

ENAMELS AND NIELLI.

Of a somewhat analogous character to the exhibition just quoted, is that which was opened last month, in the apartments of the Archæological Institute, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, where the members of the Society, in accordance with a good annual custom, gave another special exhibition of antiquities gathered from private collections, illustrative of some particular branch of Art and archæology; this year's gathering being choice works in enamel and nielli. The enamels comprise specimens of all ages, from the Roman era to the close of the last century. The earlier examples are not remarkable, with the exception of a circular stud or ornament found at Caerleon, which is singularly delicate and beautiful. Several ornaments from tumuli, worn about the person in Romanised Saxon time, are curious; the most remarkable work is well indicated in an excellently modelled and coloured *fac-simile* of the richly enamelled vase found in the Bartlow Hills, Cambridgeshire, and which was unfortunately burnt in the fire that consumed Easton House, at Dunmow, Essex, in 1847. An enamelled casket of the time of Edward I., and believed, from the arms upon it, to have been made for Aylmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, deserves especial attention. Of fourteenth and fifteenth century enamels, the best have been contributed by the Duke of Northumberland, W. Magniac, Esq.; and W. Morland, Esq.; and consist of plaques, triptychs, and church plate of much interest. A very beautiful enamelled casket from the Fould collection is sent by Mr. Whitehead. The mediæval enamels may be classified under two Schools of Art, the Limoges and the German; and of both numerous fine examples were exhibited by Mr. Beresford Hope, Mr. Maguire, Mr. Mayer, of Liverpool, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Rolls, Mr. Waterton, and other distinguished collectors.

A series of curious domestic articles—candlesticks, fire-dogs, &c.—are grouped on one side, and thought to be of early English manufacture, but are more probably Flemish. Some admirable specimens of Chinese *cloissonné*, and Persian translucent enamels, give us the opportunity of study by contrast. Among the European examples are several possessing a peculiar interest from their connection with historic names. Thus, the Duke of Northumberland sends Queen Elizabeth's fork and spoon, and our own most gracious Sovereign the celebrated Darnley Jewel, made for Margaret, Countess of Lennox, in commemoration of her ill-fated son. There is also a remarkable miniature, in an enamelled case, representing the famed Duke of Buckingham (who was stabbed by Felton). It was executed by Balthazar Gerbier, while he was with the Duke and Charles I. in Spain, on the Quixotic expedition to the Infanta. The Duke is represented on horseback. The date 1618 appears upon it. It is now the property of the Duke of Northumberland. A fine series of watches, with enamelled cases, is sent by O. Morgan, Esq., M.P. Snuff-boxes and minor articles abound. Among the modern works are many very curious enamels on copper, produced at Battersea about 1750-75. They are chiefly portraits, printed in black, red, or gold, by a process similar to that adopted on porcelain. There is also a very fine and interesting specimen of the same, or an earlier, date—a large oval picture, painted by W. Craft, a connection of the old Bow china painters, about whom we know so little. It would be well if the Institute would prosecute their researches in any quarter that might eliminate their history.

The nielli exhibited are not many in number, but are generally good. They are among the rarest of antique Art-manufactures, and are, therefore, all the more welcome to the eye of the connoisseur. To the general public, however, this gathering of fine and beautiful examples of by-gone Art is as instructive as pleasing, and cannot fail to do good in every way. It is only to be regretted that the opportunity of visiting the exhibition was so limited.

PICTURE SALES.

The collection of water-colour pictures formed by Mr. Charles Langton, of Liverpool, the sale of which was referred to last month, was one of the most valuable that has for many years been submitted to public auction. Messrs. Christie and Manson conducted the sale, getting large prices for the majority of the works. The following may be pointed out as the principal:—'Irish Peasants,' F. W. Topham, £102 (Gilmore); 'The Temple of Philæ,' D. Roberts, R.A., 90 gs. (Gilmore); 'Fairlight Mill, near Hastings,' G. Duncan, £66 (Fuller); 'The Rivals,' a series of six small drawings by G. Cattermole, £252 (Vokins); 'Boy Holding a Candle,' W. Hunt, 72 gs. (Vokins); 'Canterbury Meadows,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 70 gs. (Gilmore); 'Lake of Como,' T. M. Richardson, 240 gs. (Lawrence); 'Grand Canal, Venice,' S. Prout, 165 gs. (Gilmore); 'The Pilot Boat,' Copley Fielding, 80 gs. (Agnew); 'On the Way Home,' D. Cox, 90 gs. (Wallis); 'Haunt of the Wild Fowl,' E. Duncan, 86 gs. (Agnew); 'Stalls in the Church of St. Gertrude, Louvain—Banditti entering,' L. Haghe, 64 gs. (Agnew); 'Too Hot,' W. Hunt, 300 gs. (Wallis); 'An Old Man,' W. Hunt, from the Bernal collection, 147 gs. (Agnew); 'The Gulf of Spezzia,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 56 gs. (Grundy); 'Porch of a Carmelite Convent at Cordova,' D. Roberts, R.A., 80 gs. (Agnew); 'Bird's Nest and Apple-blossom,' W. Hunt, £104 (Gilmore); 'Girls at a Stream,' P. F. Poole, A.R.A., 80 gs. (Isaacs); 'Snowdon, from Capel Curig,' Copley Fielding, 172 gs. (Isaacs); 'View near Hambledown,' Birket Foster, 105 gs. (Addington); 'The Halt in the Desert,' J. F. Lewis, A.R.A., 265 gs. (Lawrence); 'Haymaking,' D. Cox, 80 gs. (Wallis); 'Salamanca,' D. Roberts, R.A., 90 gs. (Vokins); 'The Highland Drover,' F. Tayler, 105 gs. (Agnew); 'Scarborough,' Copley Fielding, 74 gs. (Jones); 'The Abbey Ground,' G. Cattermole, 90 gs. (Agnew); 'The Mock Duenna—Pereira's Studio,' D. Maclise, R.A., 170 gs. (Agnew); 'A Tyrolese Carrier,' Carl Haag, 95 gs. (Agnew); 'Heidelberg,' D. Roberts, R.A., 185 gs. (Gilmore); 'Fort Rouge, Calais,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 235 gs. (Follett); 'A Welsh Landscape,' Copley Fielding, 175 gs. (Mawson); 'Venice,' S. Prout, 148 gs. (Isaacs); 'The Greeting in the Desert,' J. F. Lewis, A.R.A., 200 gs. (Agnew); 'Deer-Hounds,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 170 gs. (Agnew); 'The Descendants of the Doge Dandole,' J. R. Herbert, R.A., 120 gs. (Agnew); 'The Posada,' J. F. Lewis, A.R.A., 380 gs. (Agnew); 'A Spanish Bull-Fight,' J. F. Lewis, A.R.A., the companion drawing, 375 gs. (Agnew); 'Miss Flite Introducing the Wards in Jarndyce to the Lord Chancellor,' John Gilbert, 200 gs. (Agnew); 'Lancaster,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A., now in the International Exhibition, 305 gs. (Follett); 'The Forum—Modern Rome,' L. Haghe, also in the International Exhibition, 200 gs. (Agnew). Three very small drawings by Birket Foster, entitled, severally, 'A Road-side Cottage and Pond,' 'Sheep near a Stile,' and 'Swimming the Dog,' sold for 184 gs.

It will be noticed that the collection, which realised upwards of £8,630, was unusually strong in drawings by Mr. J. F. Lewis. The most extensive purchases were made by Messrs. Agnew, of Manchester.

Messrs. Foster and Son sold at their gallery, in Pall Mall, on the 11th of last month, a collection of water-colour drawings, "the property of a gentleman in Lancashire:" it included a series of ten by Turner, made for his "Liber Studiorum;" these ten drawings, even the names of which we have no space for, realised, though measuring only a few inches of surface, the enormous sum of £615. Six early drawings by the same hand were sold for 201 gs.; three fine examples of Prout, 110 gs.; Mr. Hopley's fanciful composition, 'The Birth of a Pyramid,' an oil picture, recently exhibited in Oxford Street, was bought by Mr. Gordon for 150 gs. Among the remainder were some capital drawings by D. Roberts, C. Stanfield, W. Goodall, W. Evans, W. Hunt, and G. Cattermole, which fetched prices showing how eagerly the works of these artists are coveted. The whole were disposed of for £2,500.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE OLD MASTERS.

This is always a grateful resort after the compound dazzle and whirl of all the other exhibitions. Yet here there is a great force of colour in a quiet way. On entering from the street the eye falls at once on a picture more remarkable from circumstances than admirable for rare excellence,—this is the Belvedere 'Assumption' by Murillo. It differs from the famous Paris picture: it is not so brilliant, nor are there so many cherubim in it. When the Belvedere pictures were sold at Christie's, it was bought in, if our memory fail us not, for 9,000 gs. Beneath it hangs Mr. Holford's 'View of Dort,' by Cuyp,—a long picture made out of two shorter ones; certainly a mistake, were even the joining in the centre not visible. Before it was thus joined it was the property of a lady named Stewart. There is, we believe, in the Sutherland collection another long Cuyp made out of two smaller ones. There are two large Cuyps—'Landscape and Figures' (No. 34), and 'Landscape and Figures' (No. 38)—of the grandest works of the master but for the incongruity of a Dutch version of Italian scenery. We are really much beholden to that clockmaker, Lang Jan, for the possession of all the best Cuyps. Hobbima's 'Forest Scene, with Figures' is the perfection of this painter's substantive manner. England has produced only one man who has felt and followed Mindert Hobbima, and that is Patrick Nasmyth. To pass from this picture to the Claude, 'Landscape and Figures' (No. 5), is fatal to the latter—an early and unsatisfactory essay. Two works by Both are of great sweetness, especially No. 14. This painter is not sufficiently esteemed; for his light and air are much more tender than those of Cuyp. Vandyke is represented by examples of sterling but not paramount excellence. Among his portraits are those of 'Sir Edmund Verney, standard-bearer to Charles I.,' 'The Marchese Baldi,' 'The Wife of Snyders,' &c.; but the last, if she were to rise from her seat, would stand according to the proportions of the figure, eight or ten feet high. Yet everything by Vandyke has in it something precious that amply compensates defects. Murillo we have already mentioned, but his works are comparatively rife: there are, besides the 'Assumption,' 'St. Francis at Devotion,' 'The Flight into Egypt,' again 'St. Francis,' also the 'Magdalen' and 'The Good Shepherd.' The last, by the way, was in Sir Simon Clarke's collection,—the companion to the 'St. John' now in the National Gallery.

The Middle Room contains a selection of most interesting works by Poussin, Ruysdael, Greuze, Holbein, Neefs, Cuyp, Canaletti, Raffaelle, Rubens, &c.; and in the South Room are found, as usual, a variety of English pictures, among which are many portraits by Romney, some of which have been very carefully worked out, while others, according to the notions of the present day, would be pronounced positively unfinished: there are ten portraits by this painter. Stothard is also prominent in illustrations to Telemachus, Burns's Poems, Horace, Moore's Sonnets, Boccaccio, &c.; many of these are eminently distinguished by that sweetness which constituted the charm of his drawings. At the end of the room are two brilliant portraits by Reynolds and Lawrence: a magnificent figure of George IV. when Prince of Wales, by the former; and by the latter, 'Lady Mexborough, and her son, Lord Pollington'—of which it is told that, like many of Lawrence's works, it was a long time in hand. After a lapse of fifteen years he wrote to Lady Mexborough, begging her to come for a sitting, and bring the child. Her ladyship answered, that she would come with pleasure, but that "the child" was on duty at the Horse Guards. There are many pictures in this room that refresh our acquaintance with the infancy of our school.

"PUNCH" AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL.

The exhibition, in an enlarged form, at the Egyptian Hall, of Leech's sketches in *Punch*, will not be one of the least remunerative enterprises of the season. How much soever these quaint and racy conceits are relished in the pages to which they so pithily contribute, they are even yet more enjoyable by enlargement—the point of the jokes gains pungency from expansion. The first question of the professional reader will be as to the form and manner in which they are brought forward. They are announced as sketched in oil, but they show the slightest conceivable application of paint; in short, they are sketched on canvas with, perhaps, a reed pen, and very thinly coloured. After the leading cut these minor cuts have always been sought out, before even the most facetious sallies of the letterpress. Their character and unflagging excellence has raised Mr. Leech to an eminence which he is likely to enjoy alone. Caricaturists have claimed for themselves both the great and small foibles of society, and dealt with them according to their own idea of a becoming representation. But Mr. Leech is not a caricaturist, yet he deals with the weaknesses of humanity, although rarely or never offensive to the most refined susceptibility. Leech has been the first to institute a kind of satirical art that may be placed in the hands of families without taint. The hideous exaggerations of essential caricaturists are exceptional, but we find in these sketches incidents that continually occur, and they exact the warmest applause, not only from the very appropriate manner of their setting forth, but from the domestic and every-day character of the circumstances on which they are based. As the literary matter of *Punch* attests that coarseness is not necessary to wit, so the artistic pieces show there is something more wholesome, amusing, and popular, than ribald caricature. Much of late has been said and written in praise of Hogarth, who was a miracle of power, considering the times in which he lived. His social histories were in the spirit of his time, but perhaps something less flagrant, but not less instructive, would have been more acceptable. With a certain section of the public, the merit of Rowlandson was his extravagant coarseness. With Art connoisseurs he was esteemed for his impudent and facile manner. He, too, fell well in with his time, and for him there was patronage, but yet only sectional; for where, even then, was the father that would have recommended the ultra vulgarity of Rowlandson's productions to his children? Sketches of social life dealt only with the worst phases of society, and the artists were held up as moral teachers, while they contented themselves by only rendering vice ridiculous by extravagant representation. The H. B. lithographs by Doyle, immensely popular in their day, are yet remembered. They were far superior to everything that had preceded them, inasmuch as they were painted with a strong political allusion, and the persons represented were not monstrously caricatured. These drawings had an extensive popularity, but principally among men who had read up the politics of their day, and the excellence and high tone of these sketches extinguished all taste for such gross caricatures as had previously been offered to the public. But none of these have met all tastes, as do Mr. Leech's sketches. The hacknied legislator, who professes to have done with trifles, contemplates with grim smile what he sees in the *Punch* of this week, and is impatient for the next number, certain of finding there also something equally fresh and true. There are not less than sixty-seven subjects, all of which, once seen, could never be forgotten.

NEW DOCUMENTS REGARDING MICHELANGIOLO.*

The well-known house of Michelangiolo in the Via Ghibellina at Florence, has for many a year been one of the most interesting stock-sights of the Tuscan capital, and contains a great number of inestimably precious relics and memories of the mighty master whose ancient ancestral dwelling it was.

The old house passed, as most English readers are aware, some four years back, into the hands of the municipality of Florence by the bequest of the Commendatore Cosmo Buonarroti, one of the last descendants of the great sculptor's grand-nephew and namesake. "Michelangiolo the younger," as his countrymen call him, was not in his day by any means unknown to fame, having attained some celebrity by his literary works, among which, a rustic comedy, *La Tancia*, is perhaps the best specimen extant of its kind in Italian literature; while he distinguished himself even among the *literati* of his time and country, by his ardent share in the Academy mania which raged so violently throughout Italy in the sixteenth century, and even established an *accademia* in his own house, where archæological and artistic questions were discussed, instead of the vapid dialectic futilities, which usually occupied such assemblies.

Most English visitors to Florence are well acquainted with the treasures of the so-called Buonarroti Gallery: its fragmentary sketch of the 'Last Judgment,' its studies for the 'Pietà' in the Duomo, and for the noble 'David' at the Palazzo Vecchio, and the marble bas-relief of a battle, executed when the great artist was a boy of scarce fifteen years old.

The legacy of the Commendatore also included a quantity of most precious manuscripts, forming part of the archives of Casa Buonarroti, and which, during the old gentleman's lifetime, were jealously shut up from public inspection, and disclosed only by rare glimpses to friends of the family. The validity of such a bequest to the government, while some collateral offshoots of the family yet remained, was speedily made a subject of legal dispute, and the question was still at issue when the revolution of '59 made way for a liberal régime in Tuscany. Had the Commendatore's death occurred but one year later than it did, no fragment of the Buonarroti property assuredly would have enriched the city of Florence, for the testator had long rendered himself obnoxious to public opinion in Tuscany by a political retrogradism which shamed his long line of sturdy republican ancestors, and had been his best recommendation to the post of Minister of Public Instruction (!) which he held after the restoration of the grand duke in 1849.

A very few days before the Commendatore's death, he added a codicil to his will, forbidding the publication of any document or drawing contained in the gallery. The will, however, attacked by the heirs of the Buonarroti as illegal, was ultimately set aside, it being proved that the notary public, who by Tuscan law must be present during the execution of the document by the testators, had somehow unaccountably retired for awhile from beside the death-bed of the Commendatore into an adjoining chamber.

The lawsuit over, the municipality bought the Casa Buonarroti and its precious contents from the victorious heirs, and the collection of documents has since been carefully copied, and will, ere long, be printed in its entirety. It includes no less than two hundred and seventy-three letters, under the hand of Michelangiolo, almost all of which have remained until now totally unknown. One most interesting letter from his friend Daniel da Volterra, who was with him till his death, to a nephew at Florence, bears his last signature, and another addressed by him from Rome to Francis I. of France, on whom it seems he had fixed his too sanguine hopes as the eventual restorer of old republican liberty in Florence, is full of the simplicity and earnestness which characterised the great sculptor. The following is a translation of the letter in question:—

"Michel 'Angiolo Buonarroti to Francis I. King of France.

Sacred Majesty,

I know not whether is the greater, my thankfulness or my astonishment at your majesty having deigned to write to one of my sort, and having moreover made enquiry respecting my affairs, which are not worthy the attention of one of your dignity, whatever else they may deserve. But however this may be, your majesty must know that for this long time past I have desired to serve you, but have not been able to do so, owing to the obstacles existing in Italy to the exercise of my art. Now that I am old I will try to carry into effect in the time which remains to me, that which as I said I should have desired longer life in order to execute for your majesty. I mean a work either in marble, or bronze, or a painting, and if death should come and intercept this my intent, and if it be possible to paint or to sculpture in the life to come, I will not fail to do so there, where there is no more growing old.

Rome, XXVIth day of April, MDLVI.

Your most Christian Majesty's
Very humble servant,
MICHEL 'ANGELO BUONARROTI."

The documents which formed part of the Commendatore's bequest, and which are now open to public inspection in the ancestral house in the Via Ghibellina, constitute, nevertheless, but a small part of the ancient archives of Casa Buonarroti. These were, in fact, divided into three portions, and these portions again subdivided, so that a considerable number of those which had been severed from the collection, remaining in the family muniment room, was lately purchased by the Italian Government for ten thousand francs, and many more were bought, some two years back, for the British Museum. Another portion of these voluminous archives was purchased by Signor Bustelli, of Rome, and yet another and a very important part has just come into the possession of a distinguished Bibliophile in Florence, and contains papers to the full as valuable as any that the Casa di Michelangiolo itself can boast. First on the list comes the original contract passed between Pope Leo X. and Michelangiolo for the execution of the front of the church of San Lorenzo, which, as every visitor of Florence too well knows, although nobly adorned within, still turns to the Piazza Madonna a ragged brick façade of barn-like homeliness. This contract is, in fact, the minute written description of a model of the proposed work, to which it makes frequent allusion, and which, from the details here given, must have been very unlike the drawing hitherto supposed authentic, of the same work, which exists in the Galleria Buonarroti.

Nothing can be more explicit than the contract. Every column and statue is therein precisely noted. The date is January 19th, 1518; below that there is, standing all alone on the paper, the "Placet" in the Pope's handwriting; and lower still the words: "*Io Michelagniolo di lodovicho Simoni Sopradecto So chotecto aquato Iquesta Scricta Si chotiene e p Fede dicio mi so Socto Schricto di mia mano propia I Roma questo di Sopradecto.*" (I, Michelangiolo, son of Lodovico Simoni above mentioned, agree to the things contained in this writing, and in witness thereof I have signed it with my own hand, in Rome, on the day above named.)

It was this façade of San Lorenzo upon which, as Ascanis Condivi relates, in his quaint little memoirs of his master and friend Michelangiolo, Pope Leo's heart was so earnestly set, that he insisted on sending the great artist to Florence, to commence it without a moment's delay, though he thus obliged him to break off his work on the monument of Julius II., to his own great disappointment, and that of Cardinal Aginense, the nephew of the deceased pontiff. Leo, however, with his usual hot haste and fickleness of character, was peremptory in his commands, and so, says Condivi, "Michelagnolo left the monument with tears, and went his way to Florence, where, when he had arrived and given orders for all things needful for the façade, set out for Carrara to get the marbles, not only for that, but also for the monument, hoping, as the Pope had promised him, to be able to go on with it. Meantime, it was made known by letter to Pope Leo, that in the mountains of Pietrasanta, a fort belonging to the Florentines, were marbles as good and beautiful as those of Carrara, and that Michelagnolo had been spoken with on the subject, but that, being a friend of the Marquis Alberigo,* and having come to an understanding with him, Michelagnolo preferred getting his marbles from Carrara, to purchasing the others, which were in the Florentine territory. Thereupon the Pope wrote to Michelagnolo, enjoining him to go to Pietrasanta, and see if things were really as had been written to him from Florence. And he, going there, found the marbles very *intractable*, and ill fitted for his purpose, and though they had been well suited to it, yet had it been a difficult and very costly matter to bring them to the sea-shore, because it was needful to make a road many miles long through the mountains by sheer pickaxe work, and through the plain on piles, seeing that the ground was marshy. Which things Michelagnolo wrote back to the Pope, who rather believed those who had written from Florence than the artist, and ordered him to make the road. Wherefore, putting into execution the Pope's will, he had the road made, and by it brought down to the shore great store of marbles; among which were five columns of good proportion, one of which is yet to be seen" (a few years later, that is, but now probably hidden for long years by the raised level of the soil) "in the Piazzo di San Lorenzo, and which he caused to be brought to Florence; the other four columns, by reason of the Pope having changed his mind, and turned his thoughts elsewhere, are yet lying on the sea-shore. But the Marquis of Carrara, supposing that Michelagnolo had formed the plan of quarrying the marbles at Pietrasanta because he was a Florentine citizen, became henceforth his enemy; nor would he afterwards permit him to return to Carrara for certain marbles which he had had quarried there, which was of great injury to Michelagnolo.

"Thus, having returned to Florence, and found, as was said before, the hot eagerness of Pope Leo quite gone out, he remained for a long space sorely grieved, without doing any work, having been forced to throw away much time, now in one way, and now in another, to his very great displeasure."†

So it was, then, that the contract was never carried into effect, and that the front of San Lorenzo is now as bare and unseemly as in the days of Pope Leo.

To proceed with the curious documents accompanying the contract; there is likewise a letter from Clement VII., then only a cardinal, and Vice Cancelliere di Santa Chiesa under Leo X., regarding the works of the façade, and assigning to Michelangiolo two rooms in the chapter-house, during his superintendence of the building.

Then we have a letter from Pope Leo, bargaining with the Chapter for a piece of building-ground near San Lorenzo; a very curious memorandum, under Michelangiolo's hand, of a receipt given by him to Giovanni Spina for fifty "*ducati d'oro larghi*" (broad golden ducats), being the monthly part of the six hundred allowed him yearly by the Pope. The sum would be no mean salary, even in the present day, for the golden ducat was worth about fourteen *scudi*, or something more than £3. So that, allowing also for the difference in the comparative value of money, the Pope appears to have been a generous patron. This memorandum bears the date of 1525.

Next comes a letter from Lucrezia Borgia to the Cardinal of Corbona, then Legate in Umbria, in reply to one of recommendation from him. This letter, which is dated from Pisa, 1521, is not in the hand-writing of the too famous Borgia, but bears her signature—"Lucretia Estensis"—having been written subsequently to her marriage with the Duke of Este, when she had entered on the last, or devout, phase of her strange life.

Then there are letters on various subjects from Ludovico Buonarroti, the father of Michelangiolo, to him and his brother, Giansimone.

There are several autograph memoranda, artistic and other, in the hand-writing of Michelangiolo; also a letter from Duke Cosmo II. to the Floren-

* We retain the author's Italian method of spelling this name, instead of altering it to that by which the great Florentine is best known among us.—[Ed. *A.-J.*]

* Marchese di Carrara.
† Condivi. Vita di Michelagnolo Bonarroti.

tine Ambassador at Rome, warmly recommending to him Lionardo Buonarroti, the nephew of Michelangiolo, and father of Michelangiolo *the younger*; also a letter from Daniel da Volterra, the intimate friend of Michelangiolo, to Lionardo Buonarroti. It bears the date of Rome, 1563, and is of the highest interest, inasmuch as it gives characteristic glimpses of the venerable sculptor's home-life in his latest years, when no persuasion could prevail on him to return to the city of his love, now prostrate under the heel of the Medici. It seems that a coolness had arisen between Lionardo and his uncle, owing to the somewhat testy and irritable old man having accused his nephew of neglecting him, and of being exclusively taken up with his high and mighty friends at Florence. Daniel da Volterra describes how, in his visits to Michelangiolo, he has tried to smooth over the breach, and relates the dialogue between them in the simple old-world idioms, and with the same turns of expression as may be heard even now every day in the *Mercato Vecchio* at Florence. Michelangiolo, who was nearly ninety at the date of this letter, is spoken of in it as hale and strong, save that his legs were failing him a little, and had begun to swell. Daniel da Volterra says that on the occasion of his last visit to him, the old man had declared his intention of not leaving his property to Lionardo, who, however, did ultimately become his heir; and he adds that Michelangiolo had exclaimed, "I am resolved to give what I have in alms, and do some good to some poor man (*a qualche pover 'huomo*), with it, trying by that means to gain some favour with God."

A strong interest attaches to a letter from Diomede Leoni to Lionardo, dated Rome, 1564, announcing to him his uncle's death, which had taken place four hours previously, and at which the writer had himself been present. Many of these letters have evidently been cut for the purpose of fumigation, through fear either of plague or other contagious disease.

Besides the above-mentioned documents, there are letters from Tiberio Calcagni to Lionardo Buonarroti, respecting such works of Michelangiolo as were left unfinished at his death, and regarding the arrangements made for his tomb in Santa Croce. There is also a demand from Battista Naldini, painter, dated 1578, for payment due from Lionardo of twenty ducats, on account, for the fresco executed by him on the monument, and from Battista di Domenico Lorenzi, sculptor, dated 1574, asking for payment on account for his share in the same, the entire sum due to him being, as it appears, 450 florins. No other great artist of the wonderful sixteenth century has left behind him a mass of documents so impressed with individual character and life-like interest as has Michelangiolo; and the story of his long and stirring career, backed up by the dark and bright surroundings of the times in which he held the highest place in the world of Art, has yet to be fitly told in Italy. It is said, however, that Professor Paolo Emiliani Giudici, the well-known author of several valuable works on Italian history and Art, is engaged upon a life of the great Florentine sculptor and his times, which will be given to the world after the expected publication of the documents in the Buonarrotti Gallery.

From his cradle to his grave, the mighty, resolute, sternly-marked figure of Michelangiolo lends itself marvellously, under every aspect, to the vivid limning of a skilful biographer. His character and story are, like some faces and figures, eminently picturesque; as are also many of the memorials of him still existing, in that beautiful city of the Arno, which he had striven so bravely, though in vain, to defend against the Medici in her hour of extremest need. Girolamo Ticciati, the sculptor, in his brief supplement to the Life by Ascanio Condivi, thus very simply tells the story of his second funeral at Florence:—

"Michelagnolo was buried in the Church of the Holy Apostles at Rome, and to his obsequies flocked all the Florentine nation [*then at Rome*], and all the professors; and the Pope intended to have made a monument for him at St. Peter's."

The grand duke Cosmo, not having been able to get possession of him in life, obtained that his bones at least should rest in Florence; wherefore his body was secretly placed in a bale, as it were, of merchandise, and so conveyed out of Rome, in order that its removal might not be opposed.

"The Florentine academy of design had elected him, by an unanimous vote, not only one of its members, but had declared him the head and master of all the others; and having had notice of his body being sent to Florence, they passed a decree that all his subordinates should accompany it to the grave, on pain of being for six months excluded from the said academy. The body, then, having arrived at Florence on the 11th day of March, 1563, the coffin was placed in the care of the confraternity of the Assunta, behind the church of San Pietro Maggiore. The day after that, the professors having assembled at about half an hour of night [*i. e.*, half an hour after sundown] in the chapel of the said confraternity, with a great number of torches, it was carried by the same to the church of Santa Croce; and although it had been the intention of the academy that this ceremony should be performed with the greatest possible secrecy, not only to avoid the tumult of the people [be it remembered that Michelangiolo had been the stoutest of republicans, and the fiercest opponent of the Medici, now triumphant in Florence], but also to make the pomp the greater at the solemn obsequies which they intended to give him; nevertheless, the news of this funeral having got abroad through the city, so great was the concourse of people, that scarcely could they bear him to the church, and, in the church itself, perform the usual sacred rites over him; which ended, the body was placed in the sacristy, where was the vice-president of the academy to receive it, who, to satisfy the professors, had the coffin opened, that they who had not seen him living, might at least have the comfort of beholding him dead; and he was found, to the wonder of all, to be uncorrupted and fresh, although twenty-five days had already passed since his death; and he was afterwards placed in a vault in the church, close by the altar of the Cavalcanti, to which, in the following days, were constantly affixed many literary compositions by the choicest geniuses of the city."

Such are a few specimens of the mass of new documents illustrative of one of the most interesting and important lives of the great period of the Renaissance; important, not only in an artistic, but also in a social and literary, point of view. We may probably have the pleasure of placing before the readers of the *Art-Journal* some further gleanings from the treasures into which we have been permitted to dip.

TH. T.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.

THE following pictures have been selected, up to the time of our going to press, by the prize-holders of the current year.

From the Royal Academy.—Bed-time, A. Hughes, 200*l.*; Rotterdam, G. Jones, R.A., 100*l.*; First of October, W. Field, 26*l.* 5*s.*; Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad, J. Curnock, 20*l.*; Antwerp Cathedral, E. S. Cole, 15*l.*; Morning on the Thames, near Goring, W. Carter, 15*l.*; Lyn Dee, near Bethgelart, F. Walton, 10*l.*; Dasbrod-hoien, A. Erwood, 10*l.*; Crummock Water, R. A. Pettitt, 10*l.*

From the Society of British Artists.—Carting Timber in the New Forest, W. Shayer, 60*l.*; View from the Furdog Mountains, South Wales, J. Tennant, 40*l.*; The Picture, J. T. Peele, 35*l.*; Rest by the Way, C. Bossiter, 31*l.* 10*s.*; Bridge on the Camlan, North Wales, A. Bariand, 25*l.*; Moving Timber — Winter, G. A. Williams, 25*l.*; Lieder Bridge, J. Syer, 22*l.*; Weston Village, in the Vale of Honiton, Miss Blunden, 20*l.*; Pike-Fishing, A. F. Rolfe, 20*l.*; The Young Ramblers, R. Benedict, 20*l.*; Cottagers, W. Shayer, 20*l.*; Cattle in the Marshes, A. Corbould, 20*l.*; The Shady Path—bright Summer-time, J. W. Bunney, 10*l.*; The Pentre de Steani, E. A. Pettitt, 10*l.*

From the British Institution.—Morning on the Usk, H. J. Boddington, 50*l.*; The Protracted Return, A. F. Patten, 40*l.*; Leafy Shade, H. Jutsum, 35*l.*; Fruit painted from Nature, Miss E. H. Stannard, 25*l.*; In the Meadows, G. Cole, 25*l.*; Domestic Ducks, J. F. Herring, 25*l.*; Reconnoitring on the Libyan Desert, W. Luker, 15*l.*; Spring-time, E. Holmes, 15*l.*; Near Inglewood Common, W. W. Gosling, 15*l.*; The First-caught, M. Desseure, 12*l.*; Trout-stream, Capel Curig, W. Field, 10*l.*; A Bit by the Water-side, W. W. Gosling, 10*l.*

From the New Water Colour Society.—Salvator Rosa in the Abruzzi, C. Vacher, 100*l.*; Cetara, Gulf of Salerno, C. Vacher, 40*l.*; The Road to Mines, H. C. Pidgeon, 31*l.* 10*s.*; The Church Pool, Bettws-y-Coed, J. C. Reed, 25*l.*; Xarifa, H. Tidey, 21*l.*; An Old Border Tower, C. Vacher, 15*l.*; The Way across the Brook, D. H. McKewan, 14*l.* 14*s.*; Hornington Church, Wilts, W. Bennett, 11*l.* 11*s.*; On the Beach, Boscherch, T. L. Rowbotham, 11*l.*

From the Royal Scottish Academy.—The Cottage Home, J. B. Millar, 25*l.*

THE TURNER GALLERY.

DUTCH BOATS IN A GALE.

Engraved by J. C. Armytage.

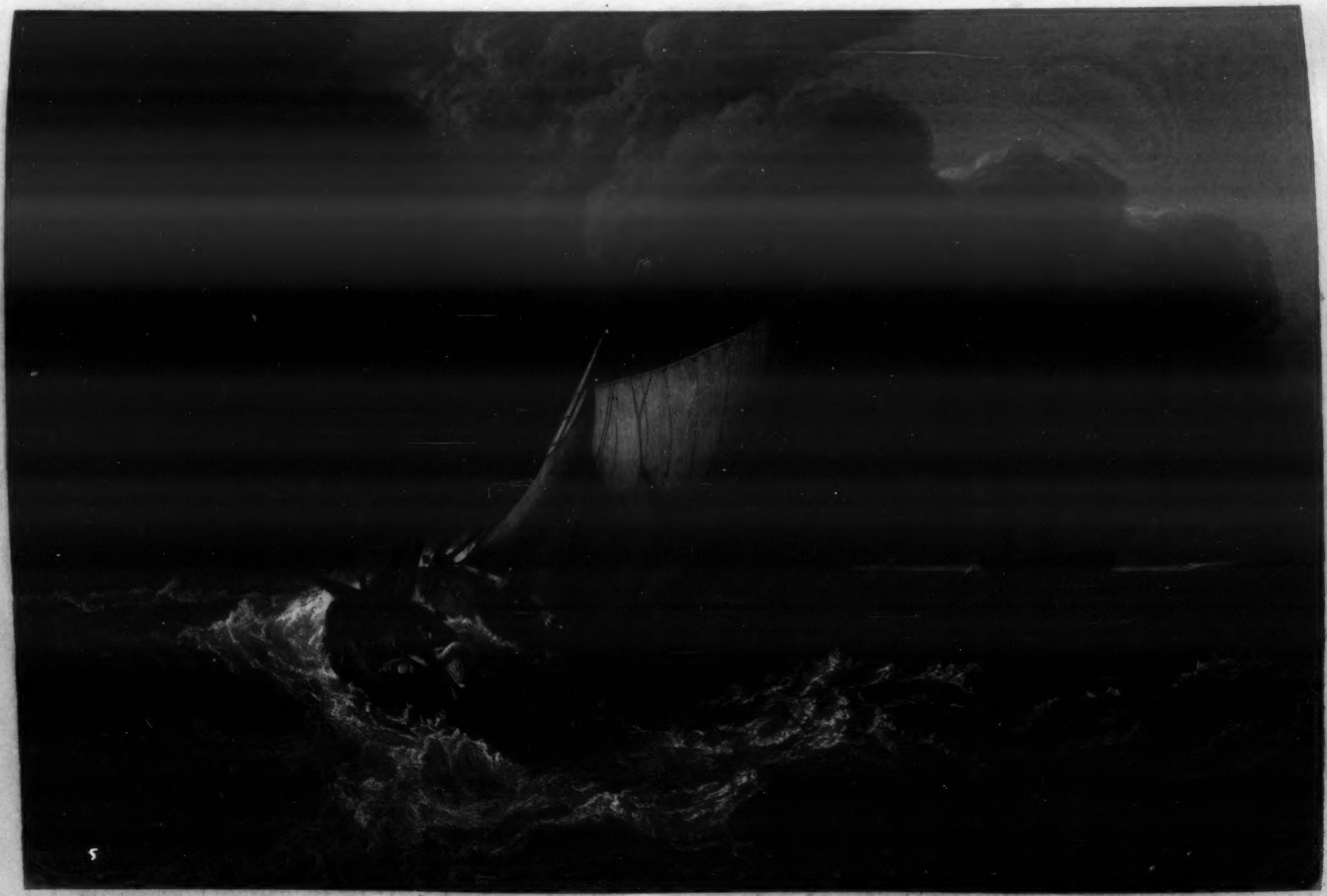
MANY of the best pictures painted by Turner in the earlier portion of his life were produced to rival the great works of the old, or rather older, masters: he entered the lists with Claude in landscape, and with Van de Velde in marine subjects, coming out most triumphantly from both competitions. With a genius so versatile as his, one might almost be led to conclude that if his mind had been directed in youth to historical painting, he would have emulated Titian or Rubens in the power and brilliancy of their works.

In the collection of the Earl of Ellesmere, at Bridgewater House, is a magnificent sea view by Van de Velde, entitled 'The Rising of a Storm;' it was in rivalry of this that Turner executed, in 1801, the picture here engraved, a composition similar in character, but of rather larger dimensions. Comparisons have been made of the two works, but they differ so much in the manner of treatment, that each should be judged of irrespective of the other, inasmuch as each contains excellences which are not found in its rival. The Dutchman's picture is "handled," to adopt a technicality, in a neat and carefully finished style; Turner's in one vigorous and daring: the former is suggestive of the artist's studio, the latter has the true flavour of sea-water, fresh, turbulent and briny: there is abundance of motion in both, but Turner's is more life-like, more real. It was a bold undertaking on the part of the English artist to place himself in direct competition with the greatest marine painter of past ages; but he knew his own strength, and, moreover, could discern the weak points of his predecessor, so as to be able to avoid them on his own canvas. These are principally seen in the numerous objects scattered over Van de Velde's picture, whereby the general effect is much lessened; its colouring, too, is unnaturally black, and there is an absence of transparency, though these defects may possibly be occasioned by age. It should always be remembered, in examining the colour of pictures by the old masters, how much time and unfavourable atmospheres, with other deteriorating influences, have been the means of lowering tints once brilliant, and, sometimes, of almost destroying them altogether. We know of pictures by our own artists, painted within the last forty or fifty years, which have so faded as to lose half their original charms—some of Turner's might be adduced as examples; and if this be the case with modern works, what may not be attributed to those two or three centuries old?

While speaking of the want of transparency in 'The Rising of a Storm,' it must not be inferred that the 'Dutch Boats' possesses the opposite quality in a remarkable degree, for it certainly does not: it is painted in cool, grey tints, which of themselves show less opacity than the darker colours employed by Van de Velde, as well as by Backhuysen, in so many of his marine pictures.

The treatment of the subject is one that ever has been adopted by painters of such scenes: the principal vessel, or rather its principal sail, is of comparatively light colour, and stands out in relief against a dark sky; the sunshine falls upon it from the left, and on the mass of waters foaming and chafing all around. There is no indication of a storm, though the force of a brisk gale is seen in the position of the boats and the short sweep of the near waves: between these and the ships riding in the distance at anchor the sea is but little agitated; a small row boat astern of the foreground group makes way steadily enough. The contrast between the turbulence of the sea on the left of the picture and its comparative calmness on the right, may be in some measure accounted for by the latter being so much nearer the shore, a line of which is visible in the extreme distance. The light is thrown with marvellous effect on the near vessels, and the mass of curling waters shooting up spray over their bows.

The picture is in the Ellesmere gallery.



J. M. W. TURNER. R.A. PINX?

J. C. ARMYTAGE. SCULP?

DUTCH BOATS IN A GALE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF THE EARL OF ELLESMERE.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

BRITISH
12 AU 62
MUSEUM

NOTABILIA
OF
THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

We rejoice to know that while in a financial view the Exhibition is in a satisfactory, or, at all events, a promising state, as an assemblage of Art-works and works of Art-industry it is an unquestioned success. It must now be considered as a great teacher, with far loftier aims than to gratify, to interest, or to amuse; not only every manufacturer in Great Britain, but every artisan and workman, should there study—should, in a word, there GO TO SCHOOL: he may learn much, no matter what his vocation may be. The lessons he will acquire are such as must not only increase his skill, mature his judgment, and improve his taste; they will enhance his prosperity, and bring substantial as well as enduring rewards. For more than twenty years in this Journal we have been striving to impress on the producer and the public, a conviction of the COMMERCIAL VALUE OF THE FINE ARTS; it is now very generally understood and appreciated, and those whose memories can go back so far with us, will be at no loss to comprehend how much of actual monetary profit has been, of late years, gained by competition with the nations who are our rivals.

We trust these truths will have due weight with the leading manufacturers of our country, and that no false economy will prevent their sending from the factories and workshops every man and woman who is in any way employed in the production of articles that may be influenced by augmented knowledge and refined taste.

If thus aided, the Exhibition may answer also in a pecuniary sense; at present there are but faint hopes that a sum will be received large enough to pay all expenses, and retain even a portion of the building. A great effort on the part of those who employ thousands of "hands," every one of whom may be benefited, and will certainly be refreshed, by a visit to the Exhibition, will avert the threatened evil of a financial deficiency, while amply rewarding the parties by whom the cost is sustained.

We earnestly hope this conviction will be received as a duty, as well as a necessity.

Her Majesty, as usual, has set an example to her subjects; already thousands have visited the Exhibition, to receive instruction as well as enjoyment—*at her expense.*

The arrangements of the interior have now been finally made; for although occasionally valuable contributions "drop in," the whole of the contributors are understood to "have done their best." Some of the blots have been removed; the nave is rather more decorous than it was in May. But the absence of resolute energy is still apparent there; still the pyramid of pickles deforms one end of it, and the temple of tallow candles the other, with many deformities between. Indeed, a clumsiness of arrangement is apparent everywhere throughout the building. Evidence of what may be expected is supplied at the main entrance, where an elevated statue of the Queen is altogether destroyed by a background which some "botch" has placed there—being neither more nor less than a huge cartoon. Alas! the master mind is sadly missed; everywhere we find proofs of incompetency to order or arrange; there has been no experience worth a rush—in a word, neither head to plan nor hand to execute. End as it will, the International Exhibition will be a memory of miserable blunders on the part of the administration.

Happily these abominations are comparatively lost amid the Art-wealth about them. Moreover, few look at the building, either internally or externally, now; and the general impression undoubtedly is not only extreme satisfaction, but intense gratification.

In spite of gross mismanagement, we have produced a great work: for the honour and glory of England!

JURIES AND THEIR AWARDS.

As the duties of the jurors are by this time completed, and as their verdicts will necessarily have a powerful effect, for good or evil, upon the exhibitors submitted to their approval or condemnation, we offer a few comments touching the difficulties which have beset their operations.

Reference to the lists of names constituting the judicial phalanx, will at once demonstrate the fact, that although high social position and an amateur taste may have induced the nomination of a few members in different classes, still the great majority consists of men who have, by practical knowledge, made themselves authorities upon subjects the merits of which they are called on to determine. And even those without the technical qualifications, which are so essential to an adjudication, will bring to the task those (scarcely second in consideration) of unimpeachable honour, free from the bias which, more or less, must influence those intimately connected with or interested in special operations. Upon the publication of the official decision regulating and enforcing the character of the awards, we immediately entered our protest, considering them liable to grievous objection. We specially referred to the following rule:—"All medals are of one kind; there are no gradations of medals, all being the same. The medals are to be awarded for merit, *without any distinction of degree*, and without reference to competition between producers. It is not the best manufacturer in any particular branch of industry who should alone be rewarded by a medal, but all producers who shall show, by their exhibits, that their products are excellent in their kind. No exhibitor, however, can receive more than one medal from one jury." We have copied this declaration from the instructions of the Council of Chairmen to the Juries. The determination to give but one class of medal indiscriminately alike to the greatest success in works involving high intellectual and manipulative power, and to those of the most ordinary mechanical production—for the most cunningly elaborated triumph of the goldsmith's skill, or the choicest marvel of the potter's craft, and the latest novelty in a vent-peg or a blacking-bottle—we did, and do, condemn, adhering to our previously expressed opinion, that better no awards at all than such as these. Attempts were, in some juries, made to classify the medals, so that they should carry a varied significance, somewhat in accordance with the relative positions and merits of the works to which they were assigned; but these were officially overruled.

The difficulties of the juries have been much increased by this determination, and their decisions may, in some cases, be questioned, without due weight being given to the directions which have thus hampered their action. It will be at once admitted, that no judgment, however capable and honest, could give entire satisfaction to those adversely affected by it. The producer of the most useless trifle thinks it has, upon some ground, claim to favourable recognition, and will not admit the fact of its worthlessness, though attested by the most competent tribunal.

A novel feature in regard to the awards on the present occasion is, that they will be made known as early as possible during the Exhibition, and the 15th of June was fixed as the date on which they were all to be completed and forwarded by the juries to the Council of Chairmen. Upon their confirmation, the successful exhibitors were to be furnished with the official declaration of the awards, which were to be affixed to their exhibits. Presuming confidently upon the efficient exercise of the judicial functions, the most meritorious producers will be brought still more prominently under public notice, thus further attracted to works deserving approval and patronage.

The adverse influence which this course will exercise upon those exhibitors who have unfortunately failed in obtaining recognition, has been strongly urged against its adoption, particularly in respect to some of the foreign producers. Whilst, however, we admit the truth and force of the objection, we must, at the same time, urge the justice of the position which it seeks to evade.

The International Exhibition is essentially a competitive one. Every intending exhibitor knew this when he entered the lists. The objects of the competition were to obtain exponents of the greatest merit in the various branches of scientific and Art-industry, and from this aggregate collection by competent judgment these were to be determined. Such selection being made, it would be most unjust to those to whose intelligent exertion such successes were attributable, to withhold their declaratory acknowledgment until the objects were removed from public scrutiny and approval. There should be sympathy for the victors as well as the vanquished, and this decision, which we recommended in 1851, we see no reason to modify upon the present occasion.

Those (if there be any) who have missed an award which they may have justly claimed, can rest assured that public opinion will not ratify an erroneous verdict, however high the tribunal by which it may have been passed, and that early notification of the fact will be the most efficient means to remove or lessen its prejudice.

Some incongruities may, and will, be recognisable in regard to the standard of merit which has been adopted in the various adjudications. This will be best explained by the assumption that the exhibits have been viewed in reference to the status of the country from which they have emanated. For this reason (which is well based), awards have been given in the foreign divisions to works which, in the English classes, have not met with any recognition. The difficulties which attend the first establishment of manufactures in localities just venturing upon commercial enterprise, have had due acknowledgment, and their results have been judged, and rightly so, subject to such admission.

We trust that the decisions will be such as to yield all the satisfaction which can be reasonably expected from duties of so difficult and delicate a nature. In Dr. Lyon Playfair, C.B., the Royal Commissioners have had the aid of one thoroughly and singularly competent for the task with which they have entrusted him.

TINTED SCULPTURE.

Few Art-questions have been more repeatedly discussed, and with a greater diversity of opinion, than the propriety of painting marble statues. Precedents have been sought with more or less success in the finest examples of early Greek sculpture, whence it has been attempted to adduce unquestionable authority for its adoption. Few and unimportant have been the experiments hitherto placed before the public eye in England until the present Exhibition, and in this the results are exclusively from the studio of Gibson, our distinguished countryman. With every consideration for works which have emanated from so gifted a master of his art, and an inclination to accept any exponent of its capabilities which his judgment and taste might approve, we confess our dislike for these coloured statues; tinting, as thus illustrated, is, to our thinking, most unsatisfactory. It has either been carried too far, or not far enough; it is neither flesh nor marble. We consider the adjunct of colour, thus applied, as a departure from the original high purpose of sculpture, which never aimed at more than an abstract type of the subject represented in form and expression; its end being to idealise rather than to realise. This attempt at "too palpable flesh" not only destroys the very essence of the sculptor's art, but violates the delicacy that attaches to the pure material, on which representations are sanctioned that in a coloured medium would be objectionable. As a mere attempt at identity, it fails to do what is done effectually in wax; and, from the quality of the marble, especially observable in the Venus, the veins, as shown through the coloured surface, are particularly unsightly, not to say repulsive. These examples will doubtless settle this vexed question conclusively; few will be bold enough

to hope for a success where Gibson has failed. The experiment is for warning rather than for imitation.

TROPICAL FRUITS.

Those on whom has devolved the duty of representing the South American colony of British Guiana, have endeavoured to portray the resources of a vast province, rich in vegetable productions, such as sugar, coffee, cotton, starches, spices. With extensive forests abounding in useful timbers, alike valuable to the cabinet-maker and to the ship-builder—the adaptiveness to the former being demonstrated by some beautiful specimens of high Art exhibited, and the latter being fully proved by the fact that of the eight timbers recognised as first class at Lloyd's, for the whole world, two are the produce of British Guiana, namely, greenheart and mora. Then its zoology is well represented by several artistically arranged cases of birds and animals. We have also gorgeous butterflies, serpents, snakes, and vipers; teeming entomology; and lastly, as the *Times* remarks,—"The models of the fruits of Guiana are particularly succulent and attractive." It is to these we wish, by the present notice, to draw attention; they are on a new principle and of a new material, of the nature of *papier mâché*, the invention of Mr. Mattis, a resident in Guiana. Besides being more real in appearance, they have this advantage, they neither crack nor melt, and are not easily tarnished. We are informed Mr. Mattis has already copied more than four hundred different kinds of fruit, and would gladly undertake to furnish, on reasonable terms, model specimens or collections of tropical fruits and vegetables, for museums or for amateurs. It is admitted by all who have seen them, that his imitations are admirable, and in a material that is nearly indestructible. As they have attracted considerable attention, it may not be out of place to remark that his process of imitation, though simple, is a secret, as we are informed, known only to himself: he discovered it during an illness of some months, when he was deprived of the use of his feet, the result of hardships endured during his wanderings in tropical forests. He has derived his powers of imitation chiefly from a close observation of nature. Mr. Mattis does not confine himself to fruits alone; he also exhibits in his peculiar material the model of a negro girl, too natural to be pleasant; she reclines on a hammock, made of the leaves of the palm, to which we also beg to call the attention of such of our readers as love the "*dolce far niente*," and a cool lounge of a sultry day under a wide-spreading beech tree. Mr. Mattis resides at present in Surinam, where he is prepared to execute any orders that may be forwarded to him.

ARTISTS' COLOURS.

In the Eastern Annexe, not far from the entrance to it from the transept of the main building, placed by the wall on the right hand, is a group of solid, sterling-looking, though altogether unostentatious, mahogany cases, which claim at our hands much more than a passing recognition of their presence. These cases contain Artists' Colours; and they exemplify in a truly splendid manner the high degree of perfection to which skill and enterprise and experience have now brought the *materiel*, that modern Science has provided and placed at the disposal of modern Art. Perhaps in no single class of objects in the entire Exhibition is a grand advance more strikingly demonstrated, than in these collections of artists' colours. They show the results of sustained as well as earnest effort. They have to tell of extended research, and of often-repeated experiment. They declare how thoughtfully the colours of long standing have been subjected to every test that might improve their qualities; while, at the same time, an inquiry after new colours has been carried on with that determined energy, coupled with such masterly intelligence, as rarely fails to result in complete success. And in the present instance the success has been most complete, both in the discovery and preparation of new pigments, and in the improvement of those that have long been in use.

The cases of artists' colours, four in number, are arranged in continuous succession, and they represent respectively the manufacturing firms of Messrs. Winsor & Newton, Reeves, Rowney, and Newman—we name them in the order their cases stand. The whole are alike distinguished for the artistic style in which the various pigments are displayed, as for the brilliant and varied colours that are thus exhibited in their most perfect condition. It is to be understood that in these cases the pigments themselves are the objects exhibited, and therefore they appear either in solid masses, or in heaps of powder piled up upon glass *tazzi*, or in bottles of various forms and sizes. The Messrs. Newman have enclosed their specimen colours in small glass spheres, which have a very pleasing and elegant effect. And with their pigments the Messrs. Rowney have very happily associated specimens of the different gums that are used in the Arts.

The case that at once concentrates upon itself the attention of even casual observers is that of Winsor and Newton. It is of large dimensions, and its display of colours is more varied, and also on a much more extended scale, than in the adjoining cases; and in a Great Exhibition it is a matter of no trifling moment that such objects as pigments should be displayed in considerable quantities. This case contains upwards of 250 specimens of pigments, and includes all the rare and costly varieties. Amongst the new colours, introduced by the exhibitors since 1851, are *aureolin* and *cyanoline*, both brilliant transparent yellows, the former rather pale, and the latter having a rich golden tone; both of them are unquestionably permanent; and with these may be associated *viridian*—a perfectly new transparent and permanent green, of the most vivid brilliancy. The same case contains that very rare pigment, platina yellow, and a complete range of orient and other carmines, with specimens of the various cochineal lakes, the madder carmines and lakes, with all the important products of the madder root, the purples, browns, &c.; a perfect series of chromates of lead, of very pure and brilliant tones; as complete a range of pure sulphides of cadmium, in gradations from a pale straw to a deep red orange colour: the varied products of the metal chromium also—transparent and opaque greens, the hydrated brown oxide, citrine brown, and others; the malachite greens, uranium yellow, and the white sulphate of barytes, and all the important pigments that are obtained from the oxides of iron, both pure and in combination with alumina, when they are known as *Mars* colours. We leave to the last of the series the grand display of "Genuine Ultramarine" which is conspicuous in the collection of Winsor and Newton. This noble pigment is here shown in all its varied tints, and under every modification of condition and quality, as it is obtained from the choicest specimens of *lapis lazuli*, from regions that are as far removed from one another as Siberia and South America. The range of tint in these ultramarines, and their perfect purity of tone, command unqualified admiration: they extend from the pale, yet bright, azure of the South American *lapis*, to the full, dark, sparkling blue that is produced in the far north of Siberia, and they comprehend every modification of the deep lustrous colour for which the Arts are indebted to the *lapis* of Persia. It may give some idea of the splendid effect produced by these specimens of pigments, when we add that the ultramarines alone in Winsor and Newton's case weigh upwards of four hundred ounces, and consequently their value may be estimated at about £1,500. As a matter of course, with these new and rare pigments, specimens of all the well-known colours of both foreign and native production are exhibited, and they show that these also have received their own share of careful attention.

In the case of the Messrs. Reeves, the fine smalt blue attracts special attention; and the Messrs. Rowney's case is particularly distinguished for its brilliant pure scarlet, Chinese orange, cœruleum, and Veronese green. In both these collections, as also in the beautiful cabinet of the Messrs. Newmans, all the colours that are exhibited fully vindicate the distinguished reputation of the several exhibitors.

We recommend these cases, and particularly the chromatic museum of Winsor and Newton, to the careful study of artists, and of all who have feeling for that grand element in Art—colour. Here are the agencies which endow great colourists with a power that is absolutely without limit. Iris herself might have been glad to have sought fresh hues from these rich stores of varied pigments; while she would have readily borne her testimony to the excellence of the preparations which qualify human painters to rival her own celestial colouring. Without doubt, these cases of "artists' colours" will be thoroughly appreciated, both here in England, and in every foreign country in which Art has a cherished and an honoured home.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—We understand that the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, recently closed, has been very successful; the sales exceeding those of last year by nearly £2,000. The plan of issuing season tickets for day and evening visits respectively works well. Of the former more than four thousand were sold, and of the latter more than one thousand. Besides these, above eighteen thousand persons paid for single day tickets, and nearly twenty thousand for admission in the evening. The number of catalogues sold exceeded ten thousand.

DUBLIN.—A project has been set afloat for a Crystal Palace here—so the papers report. The names of forty influential Irish gentlemen, with the Duke of Leinster as chairman, and Mr. B. L. Guinness as vice-chairman, are named as directors of the company. The latter gentleman, a short time ago, purchased the fields called the Coburg Gardens, at the south side of Stephen's Green, containing about fifteen acres. This ground is to be converted into a winter garden, in the centre of which the palace is to be erected, at a cost of £50,000. The building is to contain a large concert hall and galleries for the exhibition of works of Art and Art-manufacture.

MANCHESTER.—The last report of the Manchester School of Art offers little that demands special notice. It alludes to the retirement of Mr. Hammersley, the late head master, and the selection of Mr. Mückley, from the Wolverhampton school, as his successor. The treasurer's account shows that the expenditure has exceeded the receipts by a small amount, and the deficiency is accounted for by the fact that no systematic canvass has been made for some years to increase the subscription list, and no reliance can be placed on aid from voluntary and unsolicited sources; the subscriptions have therefore continued to decline, while there is also a reduction in the amount of students' fees. The committee, however, anticipate a considerable increase in the latter item when the new arrangements are in practical progress.

WELLS.—The Fine Arts department of the Bath and West of England Society, which this year was held in the ancient city of Wells, was well supported by artists of the locality, and by a few strangers. There were numerous contributions from the South Kensington Museum, consisting chiefly of Chinese spoils taken from "The Summer Palace." The show of works of Art-manufacture from local establishments, as well as the machinery, deserved the attention each department received.

BOSTON.—The Boston School of Art was established for the town and neighbourhood of Boston, Lincolnshire, October, 1860, and opened February, 1861, in connection with the department of Science and Art at South Kensington. The first report, just issued by the local committee, states that, both in the matter of its finances, and also as to the number and progress of its students, the school has been very successful. By reference to the balance-sheet, we find that upwards of £90 was collected by the indefatigable efforts of Mr. William Gane (one of the honorary secretaries), to furnish the school with the necessary apparatus, exclusive of grants made by the department, for examples and casts. The number of students attending the school during the past year was 106, exclusive of pupils from the Grammar School, and the five public schools in the town. The school is based on a self-supporting principle, and the share of the fees (one-fourth) retained by the local committee meets the expenses for rent, gas, &c. &c. The result of the examination in February last has just been communicated to the committee; eight local medals have been awarded; three of the students' works were selected for national competition, and forty pupils passed a satisfactory examination. Considering the short time that this school has been established, the above awards are creditable to both the master (Mr. V. Howard) and his scholars.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

National Gallery.—An addition of two pictures has recently been made to the collection. One ascribed to Vandyke is, perhaps, a sketch after Rubens; the subject is "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes." It is a small picture, and appears to have been painted on by a bungler. The figures were all, perhaps, intended for seminude, but some have been covered with drapery, which is partially wiped or cleaned off. The second is a portrait of an astronomer, by Ferdinand Bol. It has been presented to the Gallery by Miss E. A. Benett.

The Earl Granville gave a morning reception in the historic grounds of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chiswick, on the 31st May, and the Royal Commissioners an "Evening" on the 7th June. Both occasions were entirely successful. The hundreds of foreign notabilities there assembled must have been greatly gratified by the efforts made to receive them worthily—for that was the main purpose of the gatherings. It was right and wise to do so much in imitation of the hospitalities extended to visitors at Paris in 1855. Lord Granville received his guests with the grace and courtesy for which he is famous, and a very large proportion of the rank-aristocratic and the rank-intellectual of Great Britain walked the grounds, and through the famous apartments, at Chiswick. Nothing could have been more liberal than the reception at South Kensington; nothing could have been more gratifying or more impressive. It was creditable and honourable to all parties concerned.

The Department of Science and Art has issued a circular to the various Schools of Art in the United Kingdom, informing them of the Queen's gracious and liberal intention to distribute to the students eight hundred free admissions to the International Exhibition upon "half-a-crown days." In the distribution of these privileges "it would be Her Majesty's wish that the merits of these pupils as students, *as well as their station in life*, should be duly considered." The clause we have marked in italics is, we presume, an intimation that those who are able to pay for themselves ought not to participate in the gift, but it may also bear another, and less favourable, construction—that the poor, and, perhaps, ill-clad student, should not appear in the presence of the aristocratic classes that throng the building on "high days." Such never could have been Her Majesty's intention, and it is therefore to be regretted that any expression should have been used to raise a doubt. It will rest with the committee of the school, or the pupil, to make the necessary arrangements for coming up to London, staying here, and returning.

Hendrick Schaefels, a painter of the Belgian school, has sent to this country a companion picture to one we noticed some time ago, both painted from incidents connected with the history of Antwerp. That which we now have to speak of shows Frederick Giambetti, the Italian engineer, taking leave of St. Aldegonde, Burgomaster of Antwerp, when departing to command the fire-ships that were intended to destroy the fortified bridge, built over the Scheldt, by Alexander Farnese, in 1585. The interest of the scene is admirably sustained throughout the composition; as principal actors in which we see Giambetti and St. Aldegonde on the quay—the former about to embark in a boat that is waiting for him. The quays and walls are thronged with people, and beyond and above them rise the ancient towers of Antwerp, as it was in the sixteenth century. On the right, the river is thronged with ships, containing various devices for the destruction of the bridge. The picture, in the whole, shows a wonderful range of thought and research, and, in dignity and serious purpose, aspires to the rank of Historical Art. It is in the possession of Messrs. Myers of Old Bond Street.

Mr. Vernon Heath is exhibiting at his Gallery, 43, Piccadilly, a small collection of landscape photographs, among which are some of extraordinary beauty. There are two views of a burn at St. Fillan's, Perthshire: a small stream flowing from a wild and rugged upland moor, through a course obstructed by rocks and boulders, but rich in gorse, blooming heather, and all the wild flowerets that help the fragrance of such regions. An enterprising botanist, with a good microscope, would find matter for a session of study in such a mirror of nature. Among others, are two beautiful vignetted views of Windsor Castle; several at Endsleigh, Devon—one especially, in which atmosphere is as well given as it could be in painting. A peasant's cottage at Monzie, Perthshire, is such a subject as would be at once selected for a picture by an artist, though an imitation of its picturesque ruggedness would break the heart of any conscientious man. The subjects are forty-one in number, and among them are views of Penshurst, the Thames at Maidenhead, of the Almond Turret and Earn, Perthshire; Moor Park, &c. &c.—all remarkable for their breadth and detail.

Artists' Benevolent Fund.—The anniversary dinner of this most useful and well-managed institution took place, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 31st of May. Lord Ashburton had been announced to preside, but, as unfortunately happened last year, was too unwell to fulfil his promise; under these circumstances, Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., very kindly undertook the duties of chairman, sustaining the position in his usual urbane and efficient manner. In apologising for the absence of Lord Ashburton, he told the company, as his lordship was unable to attend personally he had doubled his subscription this year, by which the society had gained twenty-five guineas, though it had lost its expected chairman: this would in some measure, perhaps, compensate for the disappointment. Mr. Godwin, in proposing the toast of "Success to the Artists' Benevolent Fund," spoke of the benefits it conferred upon the profession, and urged the claims it had on the benevolence of the public. Since its foundation, in 1810, nearly £24,000 have been distributed in the relief of the widows and orphans of British artists: during the past year upwards of £750 had been thus appropriated, while the cost of working was considerably below £100. We cannot too strongly enforce upon the attention of the numerous body of artists the advantages derivable from being associated with this institution and its sister society, "The Artists' Annuity Fund," both of which are calculated to do so much good. Few of the leading members of the profession were, we regret to say, present at the dinner; Sir Charles L. Eastlake, Mr. David Roberts, Mr. Doo, and Mr. Lumb Stocks, were the only representatives of the Academy.

The British Institution.—The lease of the premises in Pall Mall, known as the British Institution, expires in 1866. A weekly contemporary, who evidently is bent upon taking time by the forelock, throws out a hint, on the assumption that the lease will not be renewed, that the annual exhibitions of the old masters, which have been open there during so many years, should be transferred to the South Kensington Museum. It is early yet to talk of arranging a matter by anticipation so long beforehand; but we sincerely hope the governors of the Institution will not give their sanction to any such scheme.

Foley's Statue of Lord Hardinge.—Subscriptions for the reproduction of this noble equestrian group continue to progress, but not so fast and freely as could be desired, nor in proportion to the value of the work as an example of British sculpture. Hitherto the subscribers are chiefly artists; among those not of the profession we may mention the names of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, Earl De Grey and Ripon, the late Lord Herbert, Sir Walter C. James, Sir Edward Ryan, Major-General Hay, and Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Cust, besides a few others. Surely, among the thousands of visitors daily thronging the International Exhibition, where the model of the group may be seen, there must be a large number who can appreciate its worth, and would be pleased to aid in procuring a bronze copy for erection in this country. Subscriptions may be paid to the "Honorary Secretaries of the Hardinge Statue," at 22, Regent Street.

The Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts invited a large party, on the evening of June 11th, to a Conversazione at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor; who, when the guests were assembled in the Egyptian Hall, which was brilliantly lighted up and beautifully decorated with rare plants and flowers, delivered a short, but most appropriate address to the visitors. An excellent concert followed, in which Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Parepa, and many other noted musicians, both English and foreign, took part.

The Annual Conversazione of the St. Martin's School of Art was announced for the evening of June 27th—too late in the month for us to notice the meeting in our present publication.

Messrs. Elkington & Co. have had the honour of submitting to the inspection of the Queen, at Windsor Castle, their magnificent silver repoussé table, from the International Exhibition. The top of this table will be found engraved among the illustrations in these pages, where we have spoken of it as among the finest works of its kind ever executed.

The Art-Copyright Bill "drags its slow length along" the House of Lords, whence, probably, it will not issue during the present session. Its many and glaring errors have been pointed out by Lord Overstone and other peers, and, at all events, it will be much "amended" when it does become law.

Evenings at the Royal Academy, we are sorry to learn, are not so successful—that is to say, not so remunerative—as we had reason to expect they would be. It was a right step, and, be the result what it may, the Academy will have no reason to regret having taken it. It must, however, be borne in mind that this year all other exhibitions are "swallowed up" by the great Exhibition, and that, moreover, the evenings at the Royal Academy have not yet been made sufficiently known to the public.

Mr. Zeitter, a foreign artist long naturalised in this country, died last month at his residence at Kentish Town. His pictures of Hungarian and Polish scenery and manners have been for many years exhibited at the gallery of the Society of British Artists, of which institution he was a member.

Female School of Art.—We trust the public meeting held at the Mansion House, on the 17th of last month, under the auspices of the Lord Mayor, will accomplish the object in view—that of aiding the building fund of the school. The claims of the institution were warmly advocated, on this occasion, by his Lordship, Mr. Tite, M.P.; Mr. R. Westmacott, R.A.; Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S.; Mr. Alderman Rose; the Rev. Emilius Bayley, Rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury; Mr. Harry Chester, and other gentlemen; several subscriptions were announced.

Medal of the Prince Consort.—A large and very beautiful medal, struck in memory of the lamented Prince Consort, has been shown us by the Baron Van der Cruysse, a Belgian artist, who, we understand, prepared the designs for its execution, and who also made the drawings for the series of medals illustrating the most remarkable edifices of Europe, engraved by Wiener, of Brussels. The English portion of this series, cast by Messrs. Elkington, we noticed a few months back. The medal of Prince Albert is also the work of M. Wiener, who has produced a fine and faithful profile of his Royal Highness in extremely bold and sharp relief, yet free from all rigidity of expression. On the reverse side is a coronal of laurel, excellent in design and execution, encircling an inscription which speaks of the prince as the founder of the two great International Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862.

A Small Engraving, in mezzotinto, by a young "hand," W. A. Rainger, has just been published by Messrs. Graves & Co. It is simply a robin lying dead on the ground, after a picture by G. Lance, but the print is executed with so much delicacy and truth that we may fairly expect to find Mr. Rainger making his way in time to a good position.

Errata in the Illustrated Catalogue.—In describing the Worcester enamels which graced one of the necklaces exhibited by Phillips, of Cockspur Street, we attributed the production of these beautiful gems to the pencil of M. Bott. We find they were painted by Mr. Rushton, another artist in the establishment at Worcester. The painted windows, to which we accorded high and merited praise, are the works of Messrs. Warrington, and not Harrington, as printed.

REVIEWS.

ITALIAN SCULPTURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES AND PERIOD OF THE REVIVAL OF ART. A Descriptive Catalogue of the Works forming the above Section of the South Kensington Museum, with additional Illustrative Notices. By J. C. ROBINSON, F.S.A. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

IT will convey some idea of the importance attached to the collection of sculptures at South Kensington, when the public finds a catalogue like this issued under the sanction of the Committee of Council on Education. Opinions may, and do, differ as to the value of many of the examples, except as sculptured curiosities, but it is quite clear the authorities at the Museum do not so consider them, or they would not have been there. As a chronological series, showing how mediæval Art of this kind grew to maturity, the collection will certainly well serve the purpose of the student; but we should no more think of setting the young sculptor to copy some of these works to improve his taste and his style, than we should place before a student of painting the pictures of the artists of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries with the same object. Both deserve the attention of the archæologist, though they would be utterly worthless to the practical sculptor and painter.

We have at various times, keeping pace with the additions periodically made, given our readers an account of what the collection contains. Mr. Robinson's Catalogue describes each object at greater or less length, according to its presumed value, and he has appended to his descriptions such remarks on the work and its author as it appears to justify. These comments show that he has given close attention to the subject, and that he has not laboured in vain to acquire the knowledge requisite for his task, and his office at the Museum. The book is "got up" in a style almost too delicate and costly for use in the Museum; it is profusely illustrated with well-executed engravings of the principal examples, and in typography and binding is better adapted for the drawing-room table than for the student to carry with him as he explores the collection. As a volume of reference for the library, imparting information on the origin and history of the mediæval sculptures of Italy—a subject of undoubted interest—it cannot fail of being acceptable.

UP THE NILE AND HOME AGAIN. A Handbook for Travellers, and a Travel-book for the Library. By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A., Honorary Member of the Society of Antiquaries of Normandy, Picardy, and Poitiers. Author of "Costume in England," &c. &c. With One Hundred Woodcut Illustrations, from Original Sketches by the Author. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

It would be almost an absurdity to expect, in such an age as ours, any very great novelty in a book of travel over ground which has already been trodden, and written about, and illustrated, by a score or two of adventurers, literary, scientific, archæological, or artistic. But each of these travellers has, or assumes to have, his speciality; he visits the land, generally, with one object only, and sees little beyond what he is actually in search of; as a consequence, the book, when it appears, is found to be more specific than comprehensive, more a class-book than a *vade-mecum*. It is, therefore, something out of the common way to get a volume which combines, in some measure, what is usually to be met with in two or three, or even more. Mr. Fairholt's visit to Egypt, in the early part of last year, was in search of health; this, we are happy to know, he found; but it was not to be expected that an active mind like his, aided by a ready pencil, could make such a journey without jotting down, if health permitted, a multitude of notes and sketches for future service when required. From such an accumulation has his book been compiled.

We are spared by the modesty of the author's preface from comparing it with any previous works on the same subject. It interferes with none; but if more ample information is required on any particular subject, the reader is told that the works of Wilkinson, Lane, and others, will supply it. The author's design has evidently been to make his handbook a truthful guide to the traveller, out and home again, and he has, therefore, minutely described the voyage and journey from Southampton to Abou-Simboul. He ignores elaborate descriptions of the principal antiquities on the Nile, because they are pointed out in other writings, often to the exclusion of more noticeable features on the river. Not that such objects are omitted, or otherwise than duly described, but a prominence is given to village and boat life, to the numerous important towns, and the very remarkable scenery on the banks; and it is somewhat unaccountable, when we consider how many illustrated volumes have already been devoted to the Nile, that in this we should find, so far as our recollection serves, the only representations of such noted towns as Minieh, Ekhmim, Siout, &c., engraved; and such interesting localities as the cliffs and convent of Sittina, the famed tomb at Beni-hassan, and the wondrous rock temples at Silsilis. Many of the minor illustrations are equally valuable as original and hitherto unpublished views. The geological diagrams help us to understand the natural phenomena of the glorious old country, and the author's descriptions give us more of the every-day life of the Nile and of Egypt than is usually found in such books. The manners of the people, their superstitions, and their general peculiarities, are given with unpretending truthfulness, and not without some sense of humour—as, for example, the boatmen's songs, the attempts at English in which they indulge, and their out-spoken opinions of Europeans, are amusing enough. On more serious occasions, Mr. Fairholt is duly impressed with what he sees, and his description of the visit to the tombs of the kings at Thebes, to the temples at Silsilis, and to the ruins at Assouan and Philœ, are the best he has yet put on record. By a simple, unpretentious, colloquial style, he has given an excellent idea of the land which from the days of Moses has been memorable and hallowed ground—grand, mysterious, and significant beyond every ancient country of the earth.

Of the one hundred Illustrations in the volume, many are drawn and etched by the author, in a free but careful style; the remainder are engraved by Mr. Rimbault, from Mr. Fairholt's drawings on wood. The portability of the book, and the kind of information it contains, are just what a traveller who would spend a month or two in the country requires, and would find of essential service; it is, moreover, a very readable book for home use.

THE HEART OF THE ANDES. Engraved by W. FORREST, from the picture by F. C. Church. Published by DAY & SON, London; MCCLURE & Co., New York.

Mr. Church's magnificent landscape, exhibited in London in 1859, cannot have been forgotten by those who saw it. A work so peculiarly beautiful in its natural features, and so powerfully expressed by the painter, we thought justified three or four columns of description in our pages at that time. It now comes before us in another form; denuded, indeed, of its glorious colouring, but retaining all its beauty of form and expression—the lofty mountains towering with solemn grandeur in the distance, the vast plain at their base, suggestive of miles of country—here flat, there undulating, and all covered with verdure of innumerable tints; the giant trees rising up on the right, with the masses of shrubs, plants, and flowers flung wildly, as it were, about the foreground; the tiny rapids flowing and widening onwards to the feet of the spectator, are all present with us again in Mr. Forrest's really fine engraving. His task has been one of no ordinary difficulty, as all who carefully studied the original must be fully aware; but he has proved equal to its requirements—preserving in its completeness the character of the painting, and giving to his work so much of the colour of the picture as black and white could effect. The print is rather large, yet looks small, from the immense amount of subject it contains.

SPECIMENS OF MEDIÆVAL ARCHITECTURE: chiefly selected from Examples of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries in France and Italy, and Drawn by W. EDEN NESFIELD, Architect. Published by DAY & SON, London.

It can scarcely have failed to strike any one who has only incidentally watched the erection of public buildings, especially within the last quarter of a century, to how great extent the style of the Gothic, in its various ramifications, has prevailed over every other. Even in domestic architecture, when applied to suburban structures, it has had a full share of the business. To adopt a commercial phrase, the "run" has been on the Gothic. It is, therefore, no matter of surprise that architects should be found investigating Europe for examples of what has become so popular, to be used as auxiliaries to their art. A volume of this character is the one before us, containing one hundred plates of edifices remarkable for their picturesque beauty, or of particular portions of these buildings, and of others similar in character; the whole forming a series of examples which the student and professor of mediæval architecture will find to be of the greatest service. It was clearly Mr. Nesfield's object to produce such a work, for the drawings, in all their details, are most carefully made; and though he has judiciously refrained from making pictures of the subjects, he has given to them sufficient pictorial character to render them agreeable to the eye. The noble edifices of the middle ages have certainly an ardent admirer in this gentleman, and as we turn over the leaves of his volume, we can fully understand, and share with him, his love of the old Gothic builders' art—one which we rejoice to see assuming once more a "local habitation" among us, even extending itself to our houses of business and marts of commerce. Who would not rather see a line of mansions, built something after the mediæval fashion, occupying the noble site of Portland Place, rather than the vista of houses which are now there, unsightly as an interminable workhouse on each side, and unsuggestive of any thought of beauty as the pile of huge stones on Salisbury Plain? Judging from the specimens of domestic architecture of the last century which are around us, one can only come to the conclusion that there were no architects living in those days, but merely builders of houses. We are doing better now.

"BUY A DOG, MA'AM?" Engraved by F. STACKPOOLE, from the Picture by R. Ansdell, A.R.A. Published by FORBES & Co., London.

It scarcely, we fear, admits of doubt whether the engraving just noticed or this will find the greater number of admirers. Take the two subjects out of the painters' hands, and place the spectator before the veritable scenes themselves, and we know to which the palm would be given; but put them as pictures, and this hard-featured dog-stealer—for he is nothing more or less—with his "show" of animals, carries off the suffrages of our countrymen and women by an overwhelming majority. Dogs carry the day with us before the most splendid landscape. The exhibition of Mr. Ansdell's picture is of too recent date to require any description of the work; and we may safely anticipate for the engraving a popular reception. It is in mezzotint, executed with considerable power, though somewhat hard in texture. The old sleepy-looking hound in front is capital, and the "dealer" stands out well.

STUDIES FROM A SKETCH BOOK. Designed and etched by JAMES SMETHAM. Published by WILLIAMS & LLOYD, London.

A series of small figure-subjects, designed by an artist possessed of true poetical feeling, and who handles the etching needle with much delicacy. Among the eight or ten subjects he has published, are three or four little gems. 'The Last Sleep,' a design admirably adapted for monumental sculpture; 'Hugh Miller Watching for his Father's Vessel' is full of spirit and expression; 'Midsummer,' a boy basking in the sun, as he lies, face upwards, in an open common, with his young sister seated upon him, is natural in composition, and clever in execution; 'The Lord of the Sabbath,' in a corn-field, is a work of no ordinary merit. Mr. Smetham's name is unknown to us as an artist, but he has evidently some of the right metal in him: only let him beware of modern pre-Raffaellism, towards which he seems to have a bias.

PASSAGES IN THE HISTORY OF A SHILLING. By Mrs. C. L. BALFOUR. Published by S. W. PARTRIDGE, London.

If walls could speak, it has been said, they would relate some strange histories; so too would coin, and one is here made to tell its own story and experiences, or rather what the shilling sees and hears among those who by turns become its possessors. It falls into the hands of the rich and the poor, the miser and the spendthrift, the gambler and the philanthropist, the tradesman and his apprentice, and many others. Throughout the narrative there is a wholesome moral, instructive and profitable.

HOW I BECAME A GOVERNESS.—THE GRATEFUL SPARROW.—DICKY BIRDS. Published by GRIFFITH & FARRAN, London.

These three little books are placed together, because they are all by the same authoress, though published anonymously. The first story originally appeared in "Good Words;" it reads like a narrative of facts, pleasantly told, and gives a little insight into the management of a Parisian *pension*. The other two tales are shorter, and written for quite young children, who will find amusement in reading or hearing of the histories of the pet birds.

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12 Tea Spoons	0 16 0	1 2 0	1 5 0	1 7 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls	0 10 0	0 13 6	0 15 0	0 15 0
2 Sauce Ladles	0 8 0	0 8 0	0 9 0	0 9 6
1 Gravy Spoon	0 6 6	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 12 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls	0 3 4	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl	0 1 8	0 2 3	0 2 6	0 2 6
1 Pair Sugar Tongs	0 2 6	0 3 6	0 4 0	0 4 6
1 Pair Fish Carvers	1 4 0	1 7 6	1 10 0	1 12 0
1 Butter Knife	0 2 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle	0 10 0	0 17 0	0 17 0	1 0 0
1 Sugar Sifter	0 3 3	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 6
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Ivory Handles.	Table Knives per Dozen.	Dessert Knives per Dozen.	Carvers per Pair.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
3½-inch ivory handles	12 6	10 0	4 3
3¾-inch fine ivory handles	15 0	11 6	4 3
4-inch ivory balance handles	18 0	14 0	4 6
4-inch fine ivory handles	24 0	17 0	7 3
4-inch finest African ivory handles	32 0	26 0	11 0
Ditto, with silver ferules	40 0	33 0	12 6
Ditto, carved handles, silver ferules	50 0	43 0	17 6
Nickel electro silver handles, any pattern	25 0	19 0	7 6
Silver handles of any pattern	84 0	54 0	21 0
Bone and Horn Handles—Knives and Forks per dozen.			
White bone handles	11 0	8 6	2 6
Ditto, balance handles	21 0	17 0	4 6
Black horn rimmed shoulders	17 0	14 0	4 0
Ditto, very strong riveted handles	13 0	9 0	3 0

The largest stock in existence of plated dessert knives and forks, in cases and otherwise, and of the new plated fish carvers.

CLOCKS, CANDELABRA, BRONZES, AND LAMPS.

WILLIAM S. BURTON invites inspection of his Stock of these, displayed in two large SHOW-ROOMS. Each article is of guaranteed quality, and some are objects of pure Vertu, the productions of the first manufacturers of Paris, from whom WILLIAM S. BURTON imports them direct.

CLOCKS.....from 7s. 6d. to £25 0s.
CANDELABRA ..... „ 13s. 6d. to £16 10s. per pair.
BRONZES ..... „ 18s. 6d. to £16 16s.
LAMPS, MODERATEUR..... „ 6s. 6d. to £9 0s.

STERLING SILVER.

WILLIAM S. BURTON has added to his extensive stock of general FURNISHING IRONMONGERY and HOUSE-FURNISHING REQUISITES, a selection of STERLING SILVER SERVICES for the table or for presentation. His prices will be found considerably below those usually charged.

FIDDLE PATTERN.

	oz	s d	£ s d
12 Table spoons	30 at	7 4	11 0 0
12 Table forks	30 „	7 4	11 0 0
12 Dessert spoons	20 „	7 4	7 6 8
12 Dessert forks	20 „	7 4	7 6 8
2 Gravy spoons	10 „	7 4	3 13 4
1 Soup ladle	9 „	7 4	3 6 0
4 Sauce ladles	10 „	7 10	3 18 4
1 Fish slice			2 10 0
4 Salt spoons, gilt bowls			1 0 0
1 Mustard spoon, do.			0 7 0
12 Tea spoons	10 at	7 10	3 18 4
1 Pair sugar tongs			0 13 6
1 Moist sugar spoon			0 6 6
1 Sugar sifter			0 15 0
1 Butter knife			0 13 6
			£47 16 10

KING'S PATTERN.

	oz	s d	£ s d
12 Table spoons	40 at	7 6	15 0 0
12 Table forks	40 „	7 6	15 0 0
12 Dessert spoons	24 „	7 6	9 0 0
12 Dessert forks	23 „	7 6	8 12 6
2 Gravy spoons	11 „	7 6	4 2 0
1 Soup ladle	11 „	7 6	4 2 6
4 Sauce ladles	11 „	8 0	4 8 0
4 Salt spoons, gilt bowls			1 19 0
1 Mustard spoon, do.			0 10 6
1 Fish slice			3 0 0
12 Tea spoons	14 at	8 0	5 12 0
1 Pair sugar tongs			1 6 0
1 Moist sugar spoon			0 15 0
1 Sugar sifter			1 3 0
1 Butter knife			1 1 0
			£78 11 0

COTTAGE PATTERN TEA AND COFFEE SERVICE.

	oz	s d	£ s d
Teapot	22 at	10 0	11 0 0
Sugar basin	14 „	11 0	7 14 0
Milk ewer	7 „	11 0	3 17 0
Coffee-pot	25 „	10 0	12 10 0
			£35 1 0

KING'S PATTERN, RICHLY CHASED.

	oz	s d	£ s d
Teapot	23 at	10 6	12 1 6
Sugar basin	13 „	11 0	7 0 6
Cream ewer	7 „	11 6	4 0 6
Coffee-pot	26 „	10 6	13 13 0
			£37 4 6

THE BEST

SHOW OF IRON BEDSTEADS

in the KINGDOM is WILLIAM S. BURTON'S. He has FIVE LARGE ROOMS devoted to the exclusive Show of Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Children's Cots, with appropriate Bedding and Bed-hangings. Portable Folding Bedsteads, from 11s.; Patent Iron Bedsteads, fitted with Dovetail joints and patent sacking, from 12s. 6d.; and Cots, from 15s. 6d. each; Handsome Ornamental Iron and Brass Bedsteads, in great variety, from £2 13s. 6d. to £20; the Patent Elongating Cot Bedstead, from 43s.

BATHS AND TOILETTE WARE.

WILLIAM S. BURTON has ONE LARGE SHOW-ROOM devoted exclusively to the DISPLAY OF BATHS AND TOILETTE WARE. The stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make his establishment the most distinguished in this country. Portable showers, 7s. 6d.; pillar showers, £3 to £5; nursery, 15s. to 32s.; sponging, 14s. to 32s.; hip, 14s. to 31s. 6d. A large assortment of gas furnace, hot and cold, plunge, vapour, and camp shower baths. Toilette ware in great variety, from 11s. 6d. to 45s. the set of three.

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GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY CATALOGUE

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Fenders,
Marble Chimney-pieces,
Kitchen Ranges,

Lamps,
Gaseliers,
Tea Trays,
Urns and Kettles
Clocks,

Table Cutlery,
Baths,
Toilette Ware,
Turnery,
Brushes.

Iron and Brass Bedsteads,
Bedding,
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WITH LISTS OF PRICES, AND PLANS OF THE

TWENTY LARGE SHOW-ROOMS.

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May 1st, 1862.

MESSRS. MECHI & BAZIN,

DRESSING CASE, TRAVELLING DRESSING BAG, AND DESPATCH BOX MANUFACTURERS,

And Producers of the Finest English Cutlery,

Moſt reſpectfully announce to Viſitors to London, that during the period of the International Exhibition their extenſive and richly-furniſhed Show-Rooms will be open to the inſpection of all who may honour them with a viſit, without any importunity or offenſive ſolicitation to purchaſe being obſerved by their Aſſiſtants.

Meſſrs. MECHI & BAZIN feel that although the "Great Exhibition" will naturally prove the one-engroſſing and all-powerful attraction to the immenſe numbers who will arrive from all parts of the habitable globe, they but fulfil a duty they owe to a large and generous Public in thus ſubmitting for their free inſpection ſome of the fineſt productions in their particular department of manufactures: productions which, while embodying all the elements of high quality—embracing every point and combination of real utility, with a ſtudied regard to purity of deſign—are yet confined within the limits of a judicious and equitable economy.

In anticipation of the requirements of this "year of years," from which all expect, and doubtleſs will receive, large and gratifying reſults, Meſſrs. MECHI & BAZIN have not been unmindful of the wants and neceſſities of the many, and have ſpecially prepared a very large variety of novelties, of an uſeful and appreciable character, adapted either for perſonal uſe and convenience or as *ſouvenirs* to relatives and friends, who, being themſelves precluded ſharing in "London's glorious fight," can yet, by theſe means, have ample opportunity afforded them of appreciating its reſults, in the handiwork of its citizens.

The following compriſe their leading manufactures, every article being warranted of the beſt quality, and exchanged after purchaſe, if not approved.

LADIES' DRESSING CASES, in Fancy Woods, alſo in Ruſſia and Morocco Leather, with beſt electro-plated top-fittings, from 28s. to £15 each; and, with rich ſilver fittings, from £8 10s. to £200 each. The £10 10s. ſilver-fitted Caſe is ſtrongly recommended for its utility and completeneſs.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING CASES, in every variety, ſufficiently portable for travelling purpoſes, and, on a more extended ſcale, for the toilet-table, in Ruſſia, Morocco, and Solid Leather, alſo in every deſcription of Fancy Woods, varying in price from 17s. 6d. to £300 each.

LADIES' TRAVELLING DRESSING BAGS, in Morocco and Ruſſia Leather, with beſt cut-glaſs and electro-plated fittings, complete, from 55s. to £15 each. Ditto, ditto, ſilver-fitted, £6 10s. to £200 each.

TRAVELLING DRESSING BAGS FOR GENTLEMEN, in Ruſſia and Morocco Leather, fitted with the fineſt Cutlery, from 70s. to £250 each.

THE "NEW MECHIAN DRESSING BAG (*Regiſtered*)" by Meſſrs. MECHI & BAZIN, by its ſimple combination, gives a power of employing every inch of ſpace not occupied with the fittings, for packing Linen, Clothes, etc., from £10 10s. to £100 each.

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Razors in ſets of Two, Four, & Seven, in caſes.
Sciſſors in ſets.
Needles of fineſt quality.
Sportſman's and Pocket Knives.
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